

AGLAURA.

PRESENTED

At the Private House in
Black-Fryers, by his Ma-
jesties Servants.

Written by
Sir JOHN SVCKLING.

LONDON,

Printed by T.W. for *Humprey Moseley*, and are
to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the
Princes arms in *St. Pauls Church-*
yard, 1646.

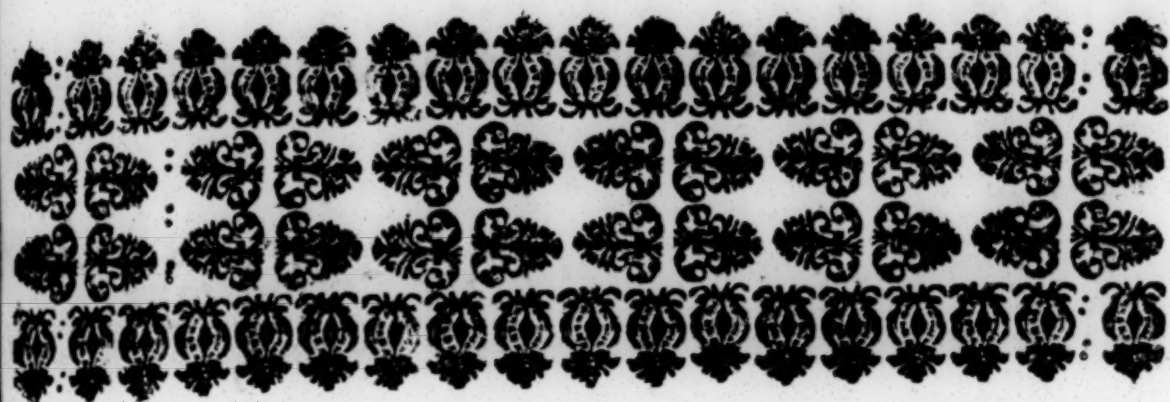
THE
PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
GENERAL ASSEMBLY
OF THE
STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE
JANUARY 1871

REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE
LAND OFFICE

IN
RESPONSE TO A
RESOLUTION
PASSED BY THE
SENATE
JANUARY 1871
AND
PUBLISHED BY
ORDER OF THE SENATE
ALBANY
1871

ALBANY:
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. KNEELAND,
PRINTER,
1871.

ALBANY: 1871.



PROLOGVE.

I'Ve thought upon't ; and cannot tell which way
Ought I can say now, should advance the Play.
For Playes are either good, or bad ; the good,
(If they doe beg) beg to be understood.
And in good faith, that has as bold a sound,
As if a Beggar should aske twenty pound.
— Men have it not about them :
Then (Gentlemen) if rightly understood,
The bad do need lesse Prologue than the good :
For if it chance the Plot be lame, or blinde,
'Ill cloath'd, deform'd throughout, it needs must finde
Compassion, — It is a beggar without Art : —
But it falls out in penny-worths of Wit,
As in all bargaines else. Men ever get
All they can in ; will have London measure,
A handfull over in their very pleasure.
And now yee have't ; hee could not well deny'ee,
And I dare sweare hee's scarce a saver by yee.

Prologue to the Court.

THose common passions, hopes, and feares, that still,
The Poets first, and then the Prologues fill.
In this our age, hee that writ this, by mee,
Protests against as modest foolerie.
Hee thinks it an odde thing to be in paine,
For nothing else, but to be well againe.
Who writes to feare is so; had hee not writ,
You ne're had been the Iudges of his wit;
And when hee had, did he but then intend
To please himselfe, he sure might have his end
Without th' expence of hope, and that he had
That made this Play, although the Play be bad.
Then Gentlemen be thriftie, save your doomes
For the next man, or the next Play that comes;
For smiles are nothing, where men doe not care,
And frownes as little, where they need not feare.

To

To the King.

THis (Sir) to them, but unto Majestie.
All hee has said before, hee does denie,
Yet not to Majestie: that were to bring
His feares to be, but for the Queen and King,
Not for your selves; and that hee dares not say:
I'are his SOVERAignes another way:
Your soules are Princes, and you have as good
A title that way, as yee have by blood
To governe, and here your power's more great
And absolute, than in the royall Seat.
There men dispute, and but by Law obey,
Here is no Law at all, but what yee say.

A 3

Scena

Scena Persia.

King, *In love with Aglaura.*

Thersames, *Prince, in love with Aglaura.*

Orbella, *Queen, at first Mistresse to Ziriff: in love with Ariaspes.*

Ariaspes, *Brother to the King.*

Ziriff, *Otherwayes Sorannez disguised, Captaine of the Guard, in love with Orbella, brother to Aglaura.*

Iolas, *A Lord of the Councell, seeming friend to the Prince, but a Traytour, in love with Semanthe.*

Aglaura, *In love with the Prince, but nam'd Mistresse to the King.*

Orsames, *A young Lord antiplatonique; friend to the Prince.*

Philan, *The same.*

Semanthe, *In love with Ziriff; platonique.*

Orithie, *In love with Thersames.*

Pasithas, *A faithfull servant.*

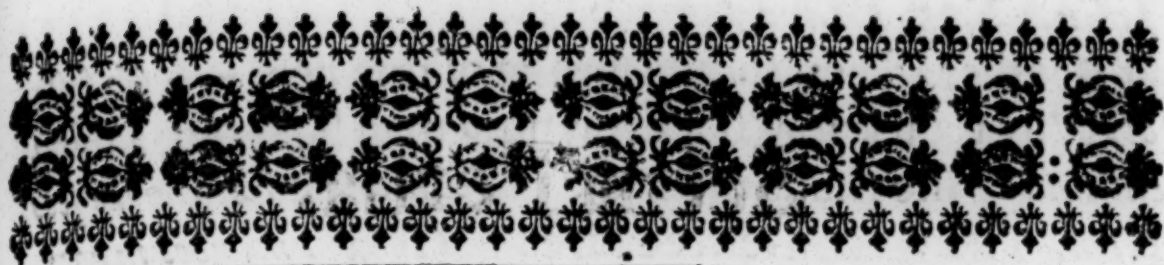
Iolinas, *Aglaura's waiting-woman.*

Courtiers.

Huntsmen.

Priest.

Guard.



AGLAURA.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter IOLAS, IOLINA.

Iolas, Married? and in *Diana's* Grove!

Iolin. So was th'appointment, or my Sense

Iolas, Married! (deceiv'd me.

Now by those Powers that tye those pretty knots,

'Tis very fine, good faith 'tis wondrous fine:

Iolin. What is, Brother?

Iolas, Why? to marrie Sister—

T'injoy 'twixt lawfull and unlawfull thus

A happinesse, steale as 'twere ones owne;

Diana's Grove, sayest thou? — *Scratcheth his head.*

Iolin. That's the place; the hunt once up, and all

Ingag'd in the sport, they meane to leave

The company, and steale unto those thickets,

Where, there's a Priest attends them;

Iolas, And will they lye together, think'st thou?

Iolin. Is there distinction of sex thinke you?
Or flesh and bloud?

Iolas, True; but the King, Sister!

Iolin. But love, Brother!

Iolas, Thou sayest well;

'Tis fine, 'tis wondrous fine:

Diana's Grove —

Jolin. Yes, *Diana's* grove,
But Brother if you should speake of this now, — (so fast:

Jol. Why thou know'st a drowning man holds not a thing
Semanthe! she shuns me too: (*Enter Semanthe she sees*

Jolin. The wound festred sure! (*Iolas and goes in agen.*
The hurt the boy gave her, when first
Shee look'd abroad into the world, is not yet cur'd.

Iolas. What hurt?

Jolin. Why, know you not
Shee was in love long since with young *Zorannes*,
(*Aglaura's* brother,) and the now *Queens* betroth'd?

Iolas. Some such slight Tale I've heard. (nam'd,

Jolin. Slight? she yet does weep, when she but hears him
And tels the prettiest, and the saddest stories
Of all those civill wars, and those Amours,
That, trust me, both my Lady and my selfe
Turne weeping Statues still.

Iolas. Pish, 'tis not that.

'Tis *Ziriff* and his fresh glories here
Have rob'd me of her.

Since he thus appear'd in Court,
My love has languish'd worse than Plants in drought.

But time's a good Physician: come, lets in:

The King & Queen by this time are come forth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Serving-men to Ziriff.

1 *Serv.* Yonder's a crowd without, as if some strange
Sight were to be seen to day here.

2 *Serv.* Two or three with Carbonadoes afore in stead
of faces mistook the doore for a breach, & at the opening
of it are striving still which should enter first.

3 *Serv.* Is my Lord busie? (*Knocks.*)

Enter Ziriff as in his Studie.

1 *Serv.* My Lord there are some Souldiers without —

Zir. Well, I will dispatch them presently.

2 *Serv.* Th' Embasiadours from the *Cadusians* too —

Zir. Shew them the Gallerie.

3 *Serv.* One from the King —

Zir.

Zir. Again? I come, I come. *Exeunt Serving-men.*

Ziriff solus.

Greatnesse, thou vainer shadow of the Princes beames,
Begot by meere reflection, nourish'd in extreames;
First taught to creepe, and live upon the glance,
Poorely to fare, till thine owne proper strength
Bring thee to surfet of thy selfe at last.
How dull a Pageant, would this States-play seeme
To mee now; were not my love and my revenge
Mixt with it? —

Three tedious Winters have I waited here,
Like patient Chymists blowing still the coales,
And still expecting when the blessed houre
Would com, should make me master of
The Court *Elixir*, Power, for that turnes all:
'Tis in projection now; downe, sorrow, downe,
And swell my heart no more, and thou wrong'd ghost
Of my dead father, to thy bed agen,
And sleep securely;
It cannot now be long, for sure *Fate* must,
As't has been cruell, so, a while be just. *Exit.*

*Enter King and Lords, the Lords intreating
for Prisoners.*

King. I say they shall not live; our mercie
Would turne sinne, should we but use it er'e:
Pittie, and Love, the bosses onely be
Of government meerly for show and ornament.
Feare is the bit that mans proud will restraines,
And makes its vice its vertue — See it done.

*Enter to them Queen, Aglaura, Ladies, the King
addresses himselfe to Aglaura.*

So early, and so curious in your dresse, (*faire Mistresse?*)
These prettie ambushes and traps for hearts
Set with such care to day, looke like designe:
Speake, Lady, is't a massacre resoly'd?
Is conquering one by one growne tedious sport?
Or is the number of the taken such,

That

That for your safetie you must kill out-right?

Agl. Did none doe greater mischief (Sir) than I,
Heav'n would not much be troubled with sad storie,
Nor would the quarrell man has to the Starres
Be kept alive so strongly.

King. When hee does leave'r
Woman must take it up, and justly too;
For robbing of the sex and giving all to you.

Agl. Their weakenesses you meane, and I confesse, Sir.

King. The greatest subjects of their power or glorie.
Such gentle rape thou act'st upon my soule,
And with such pleasing violence dost force it still;
That when it should resist, it tamely yeilds,
Making a kinde of haste to be undone,
As if the way to victorie were losse,
And conquest came by overthrow.

Enter an Expreffe delivering a Packet upon his knee.

The King reads.

(Ladies heads.

Qu. Prettie! *The Queen looking upon a flower in one of the*
Is it the child of nature, or of some faire hand?

La. 'Tis as the beauty Madam of some faces,
Arts issue onely.

King. Thersames,
This concernes you most, brought you her picture?

Exp. Somthing made up for her in hast I have. *(Presents*

King. If she does owe no part of this faire dower *(the Pi-*
Vnto the Painter, she is rich enough. *(cture.*

Agl. A kinde of merry sadnesse in this face
Becomes it much.

King. There is indeed, *Aglaura,*
A prettie fullenesse drest up in smiles,
That sayes this beauty can both kill, and save.
How like you her *Thersames?*

Ther. As well as any man can doe a house
By seeing of the portall, here's but a face,
And faces (Sir) are things I have not studied;
I have my dutie, and may boldly sweare,

What

What you like best will ever please me most.

King. Spoke like *Thersames*, and my sonne,
Come! the day holds faire,

Let all the Hunts-men meet us in the vale,

We will uncouple there.

Exeunt.

Ariaspes : solus stayer behinde.

Ariasps. How odd a thing a croud is unto me!

Sure nature intended I should be alone,

Had not that old doting man-mid-wife *Time*

Slept, when he should have brought me forth. I had

Been so too —

Studies and Scratches his head.

To be borne nere, and onely nere a crowne —

Enter Jolas.

Iol. How now my Lord?

What? walking o'th' tops of Pyramids?

Whispering your selfe away

Like a deny'd lover? come! to horse, to horse,

And I will shew you streight a fight shall please you

More than kinde lookes from her you dote upon

After a falling out.

Ariasps. Prithee what is't?

Iol. Ile tell you as I goe. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Hunts-men hollowing and whooping.

Hunt. Which way? which way?

Enter Thersames, Aglaura muffled.

Ther. This is the grove, 'tis somewhere here within. — *Ex.*

Enter dogging of them, Ariaspes, Jolas.

Iol. Gently! Gently!

Enter Orsames, Philan, a Huntsman, two Courtiers.

Hunts. No hurt, my Lord, I hope.

Ors. None, none,

Thou wouldest have warranted it to another,

If I had broke my neck:

What? dost thinke my horse and I shew tricks?

That which way soever he throwes me

Like a tumbler's boy I must fall safe?

Was there a bed of roses there? would I were Eunuch
if

if I had not as leif h'a falne in the state, as where I did; the ground was as hard, as if it had been pav'd with Platonicke Ladies hearts, and this unconscionable fellow askes whether I have no hurt; where's my horse.

1 *Court.* Making love to the next mare I thinke.

2 *Court.* Not the next I assure you,
Hee's gallop't away, as if all the spurs i'th' field
Were in his sides.

Ors. Why there's it: the jades in the fashion too.
Now ha's done me an injurie, he will not come nere me.
Well when I hunt next, may it be upon a starv'd cow,
Without a saddle too.

And may I fall into a saw-pit, and not be taken up, but with suspicion of having been private, with mine owne beast there. Now I better consider on't too, Gentlemen, 'tis but the same thing we doe at Court; here's every man striving who shall be formost, and hotly pursuing of what he seldome overtakes, or if he does, it's no great matter.

Phi. He that's best hors'd (that is best friended) gets in soonest, and then all hee has to doe is to laugh at those that are behind. Shall we helpe you my Lord? —

Ors. Prithee doe — — — stay!
To be in view, is to be in favour,
Is it not?

Phi. Right,
And he that has a strong faction against him, hunts, upon a cold sent, and may in time come to a losse.

Ors. Here's one rides two miles about, while another leapes a ditch and is in before him.

Phi. Where note the indirect way's the nearest.

Ors. Good againe —

Phi. And here's another puts on, and fals into a Quagmire, (that is) followes the Court till he has spent all (for your Court quagmire is want of money) there a man is sure to stick, and then not one helps him out, if they doe not laugh at him.

1 *Court.*

1 *Court.* What think you of him, that hunts after my rate
And never sees the Deere?

2 *Court.* Why he is like some young fellow, that follows
The Court, and never sees the King.

Ors. To spurre a horse till he is tir'd, is

Phi. To importune a friend till he be weary of you.

Ors. For then upon the first occasion y'are thrown off,
As I was now. (mes.)

Phi. This is nothing to the catching of your horse *Orsa-*

Ors. Thou say'st true, I think he is no transmigrated
Philosopher, & therefore not likely to be taken with morals.
Gentlemen—your help, the next I hope will be yours,
And then 'twill be my turne.— *Exeunt.*

Enter againe married, Therfames, Aglaura, Priest.

Thers. Feare not my Deare, if when Loves diet
Was bare lookes and those stolne too,
He yet did thrive! what then
Will he doe now? when every night will be
A feast, and every day fresh revelrie.

Agl. Will he not surfet, when he once shall come
To grosser fare (my Lord) and so grow sicke,
And Love once sicke, how quickly will it dye?

Ther. Ours cannot; 'tis as immortall as the things
That elemented it, which were our soules:
Nor can they ere impaire in health, for what
These holy rites doe warrant us to doe,
More than our bodyes would for quenching thirst.
Come let's to horse, we shall be mist,
For we are envies marke, and Court eyes carry farre.
Your prayers and silence Sir: — *to the Priest. Exeunt.*

Enter Ariaspes, Jolas.

Ari. If it succeed? I weare thee here my *Jolas*—

Jol. If it succeed? will night succeed the day?
Or houres one to another? is not his lust
The Idoll of his soule? and was not she
The Idoll of his lust? as safely he might
Have stolne the Diadem from off his head,

And

And he would lesse have mist it.

You now, my Lord, must raise his jealousie,
Teach it to looke through the false opticke feare,
And make it see all double : Tell him the Prince
Would not have thus presum'd, but that he does
Intend worse yet ; and that his crowne and life
Will be the next attempt.

Ari. Right, and I will urge
How dangerous 'tis unto the present state,
To have the creatures, and the followers
Of the next Prince (whom all now strive to please)
Too neere about him :

Iol. What if the male-contents that use
To come unto him were discovered ?

Ari. By no meanes ; for 'twere in vaine to give
Him discontent (which too must needs be done)
If they within him gav't not nourishment.

Iol. Well, Ile away first, for the print's too big
If we be seene together. — *Exit.*

Ari. I have so fraught this Barke with hope, that it
Dares venture now in any storme, or weather ;
And if he sinke or splits, all's one to me.

“ Ambition seemes all things, and yet is none,

“ But in disguise stalkes to opinion

“ And fooles it into faith, for every thing :

'Tis not with th'ascending to a Throne

As 'tis with staires, and steps, that are the same ;

For to a Crowne, each humour's a degree ;

And as men change, and differ, so must wee.

The name of vertue doth the people please,

Not for their love to vertue, but their ease,

And Parrat Rumour I that tale have taught.

By making love I hold the womans grace

'Tis the Court double key, and entrance gets

To all the little plots ; the fierie spirits

My love to Armes hath drawne into my faction ;

All, but the minion of the Time, is mine,

And

And he shall be, or shall not be at all.
 He that beholds a wing in pieces torne,
 And knows not that to heav'n it once did beare
 The high-flowne and selfe-less'ning bird will thinke
 And call t^{hem} idie Subjects of the winde :
 When he that has the skill to imp and binde
 These in right places, will thus truth discover ;
 That borrowed Instruments doe oft convey
 The Soule to her propos'd Intents, and where
 Our Stars deny, Art may supply— *Exit.*

Enter Semanthe, Orithie, Orsames, Philan.

Sem. Thinke you it is not then
 The little jealousies (my Lord) and feares,
 Joy mixt with doubt, and doubt reviv'd with hope
 That crownes all love with pleasure ? these are lost
 When once we come to full fruition ;
 Like waking in the morning, when all night
 Our fancie has been fed with some new strange delight.

Ors. I grant you, Madam, that the feares, and joyes,
 Hopes, and desires, mixt with despaires, and doubts,
 Doe make the sport in love ; that they are
 The very dogs by which we hunt the Hare ;
 But as the dogs would stop, and straight give o're
 Were it not for the little thing before ;
 So would our passions ; both alike must be
 Flesh't in the chase.

Ori. Will you then place the happinesse, but there,
 Where the dull plow-man, and the plow-mans horse
 Can find it out ? Shall Soules refin'd, not know
 How to preserve alive a noble flame,
 But let it die, burne out to appetite ?

Sem. Love's a Chameleon, and would live on aire,
 Physick for Agues, starving is his food.

Ors. Why ? there's it now ! a greater Epicure
 Lives not on earth ? my Lord and I have been
 In's Privie kitchen, seen his bills of Fare.

Sem. And how, and how my Lord ?

Ors.

Ors. A mightie Prince,
And full of curiositie — Harts newly slaine
Serv'd up intire, and flucke with little Arrowes
In steade of Cloaves ———

Phi. Sometimes a cheeke plumpt up
With broth, with creame and claret mingled
For sauce, and round about the dish
Pomegranate kernells, strew'd on leaves of Lillies.

Ors. Then will he have black eyes, for those of late
He feeds on much, and for varietie
The gray ———

Phi. You forget his cover'd dishes
Of Jene-strayes, and Marmalade of Lips,
Perfum'd by breath sweet as the beanes first blossomes.

Sem. Rare!

And what's the drinke to all this meat, my Lord?

Ors. Nothing but pearle dissolv'd, teares still fresh fetch'd
From Lovers eyes, which if they come to be
Warmed in the carriage, are streight cool'd with sighs.

Sem. And all this rich proportion, perchance
We Would allow him :

Ors. True ! but therefore this is but his common diet ;
Onely serves

When his chiefe Cookes, *Liking* and *Opportunitie*,
Are out o'th' way ; for when hee feasts indeed,
'Tis there, where the wise people of the world
Did place the vertues, i'th' middle — Madam.

Ori. My Lord there is so little hope we should cōvert you;
And if we should, so little got by it,
That weell not loose so much upon't as sleepe.

Your Lordships servants ———

Ors. Nay Ladies weell wait upon you to your chambers.

Ph. Prithee lets spare the complement, we shall doe no

Ors. By this hand Ile try. (good

They keepe me fasting and I must be praying. *Exeunt.*

Aglaura undressing of her selfe, Jolina.

Agl. Undresse mee : —

Is it not late, *Iolina*?

It was the longest day, this ———

Enter Therfames.

Ther. Softly, as Death it selfe comes on,
When it does steale away the sicke mans breath,
And standers by perceive it not,
Have I trod, the way unto these lodgings.
How wisely doe those Powers
That give us happinesse, order it?
Sending us still teares to bound our joyes,
Which else would over-flow and lose themselves:
See where shee sits,
Like day retir'd into another world.
Deare mine! where all the beantie man admires
In scattered pieces does united lye.
Where sense does feast, and yet where sweet desire
Lives in its longing, like a Misers eye,
That never knew, nor saw facietie:
Tell me, by what approaches must I come
To take in what remaines of my felicitie?

Agl. Needs there any new ones, where the breach
Is made already? you are entred here ———
Long since (Sir) here, and I have giv'n up all.

Ther. All but the Fort, and in such wars, as these,
Till that be yeilded up, there is no peace,
Nor triumph to be made; come! undoe, undoe,
And from these envious clouds slide quicke
Into Loves proper Sphere, thy bed:
The wearie traveler, whom the busie Sunne
Hath vex't all day, and scotch'd almost to tinder.
Nere long'd for night as I have long'd for this.
What rude hand is that? *One knockes hastily.*

Goe *Iolina*, see but let none enter ——— *Iolina goes to the doore.*

Iol. 'Tis *Zeriff*, Sir.

Ther. — Oh —
Something of weight hath falne out it seemes,
Which in his zeale he could not keepe till morning.

But one short minute, Deare, into that chamber. —

Enter Ziriff.

How now ?

Thou start'st, as if thy sinnes had met thee,
Or thy Fathers ghost ; what newes man ?

Zir. Such as will send the blood of hastie messages
Unto the heart, and make it call

Al. that is man about you into councell ?

Where's the Princeesse, Sir ?

Ther. Why ? what of her ?

Zir. The King must have her — —

Ther. How ?

Zir. The King must have her (Sir)

Ther. Though feare of worse makes ill, still relish better
And this looke handsome in our friendship, *Ziriff,*
Yet so severe a preparation —

There needed not : come, come ! what is't ?

Ziriff leads him to the doore, and shewes him a Guard.

A Guard ! *Thersames,*

Thou art lost ; betray'd

By faithlesse and ungratefull man,

(and drawes.

Out of a happinesse : — — — *He steps between the doore and him*

The very thought of that,

Will lend my anger so much noble justice,

That wert thou master of as much fresh life,

As th'ast been of villany, it should not serve,

Nor stocke thee out, to glorie, or repent

The least of it.

Zir. Put up : put up ! such unbecomming anger
I have not scene you weare before.

What ? draw upon your friend, *Discovers himselfe.*

Doe you beleeve me right now ? — —

Ther. I scarce beleeve mine eyes : — *Zorannes.*

Zir. The same, but how preserv'd, or why
Thus long disguis'd to you a freer houre must speake :
That y'are betray'd is certaine, but by whom,
Unlesse the Priest himselfe, I cannot ghesse

More

More than the marriage, though he knowes not of:
 If you now send her on these early summons
 Before the sparks are growne into a flame,
 You to redeeme th'offence, or make it lesse;
 And (on my life) yet his intents are faire,
 And he will but besiege, not force affection.
 So you gaine time; if you refuse, there's but
 One way; you know his power and passion.

Ther. Into how strange a labyrinth am I
 Now false! what shall I doe *Zorannes*?

Zir. Doe (Sir) as Sea-men, that have lost their light
 And way: strike saile, and lye quiet a while.
 Your forces in the Province are not yet
 In readinesse, nor is our friend *Zephines*

Arriv'd at Delphos; nothing is ripe, besides ———

Ther. Good heavens, did I but dreame that she was mine?
 Upon imagination did I climbe up to
 This height? let mee then wake and dye,
 Some courteous hand snatch mee from what's to come,
 And ere my wrongs have being, give them end:

Zir. How poore, and how unlike the Prince is this?
 This trifle woman does unman us all;
 Robs us so much, it makes us things of pittie.
 Is this a time to loose our anger in?
 And vainly breathe it out? when all wee have
 Will hardly fill the saile of Resolution,
 And make us beare up high enough for action.

Ther. I have done (Sir) pray chide no more;
 The slave whom tedious custome has enur'd
 And taught to thinke of miserie as of food,
 Counting it but a necessarie of life,
 And so digesting it, shall not so much as once
 Be nam'd to patience, when I am spoken of:
 Marke mee; for I will now undoe my selfe
 As willingly, as virgins give up all first nights
 To them they love: ———

Offers to goe out.

Zir. Stay, Sir, 'twere fit *Auglara* yet were kept

In ignorance : I will dismisſe the Guard,
And be my ſelfe againe.

Exit.

Ther. In how much worſe eſtate am I in now,
Than if I neare had knowne her ; privation,
Is a miſerie as much above bare wretchedneſſe,
As that is ſhort of happineſſe :
So when the Sunne does not appeare,
'Tis darker, cauſe it once was here.

Enter Ziriff ſpeakes to Orſames and others halfe entred.

Zir. Nay, Gentlemen :
There needs no force, where there is no reſiſtance ?
Ile ſatiſfie the King my ſelfe.

Ther. ——— Oh 'tis well y'are come,
There was within me freſh Rebellion,
And reaſon was almoſt unking'd agen.
But you ſhall have her Sir — *Goes out to fetch Aglaura.*

Zir. What doubtfull combats in this noble youth
Paſſion and reaſon have ! ———

Enter Therſames leading Aglaura.

Ther. Here Sir ——— *Gives her, goes out.*

Agl. What meanes the Prince, my Lord ?

Zir. Madam, his wiſer feare has taught him to diſguiſe
His love, and make it looke a little rude at parting.
Affaires that doe concerne, all that you hope from
Happineſſe, this night force him awa :
And leſt you ſhould have tempted him to ſtay,
(Which hee did doubt you would and would prevaile)
He leſt you thus : he does deſire by mee
You would this night lodge in the little tower,
Which is in my command ; the reaſons why
Himſelfe will ſhortly tell you.

Agl. 'Tis ſtrange, but I am all obedience — *Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Therfames, Jolas a Lord of the Counsell.

Iol. I Told him so, Sir, urg'd 'twas no common knot,
That to the tying of it two powerfull Princes,
Vertue and Love were joyn'd and that
A greater than these two was now
Ingaged in it; Religion; but 'twould, not doe,
The corke of passion boy'd up all reason so
That what was said, swam but o'th' top of th'eare
Nere reach't the heart:

Ther. Is there no way for Kings to shew their power,
But in their Subjects wrongs? no subject neither
But his owne sonne?

Iol. Right Sir:
No quarrie for his lust to gorge on, but on what
You fairly had flowne at, and taken:
Well — wert not the King, or wert indeed
Not you, that have such hopes, and such a crowne
To venter, and yet —
'Tis but a woman.

Ther. How? that but againe and thou art more enjurious
Than hee, and woul't provoke me sooner.

Iol. Why Sir?
There are no Altars yet addrest unto her,
Nor sacrifice; if I have made her lesse
Than what she is, it was my love to you:
For in my thoughts, and here within, I hold her
The Noblest peece Nature ere lent our eyes,
And of the which, all women else, are but
Weake counterfeits, made up by her journey-men:
But was this fit to tell you?
I know you value but too high all that,

And in a losse we should not make things more,
 'Tis miseries happinesse, that wee can make it lesse
 By art, through a forgetfulnesse upon our ils,
 Yet who can doe it here?

When every voyce, must needs, and every face,
 By shewing what she was not, shew what she was.

Ther. Ile instantly unto him — *drawes.*

Iol. Stay Sir :

Though't be the utmost of my Fortunes hope
 To have an equall share of ill with you :
 Yet I could wish we sold this trifle life,
 At a farre dearer rate, then we are like to doe,
 Since 'tis a King's the Merchant.

Ther. Ha !

King. I ! tis indeed.

And there's no Art can cancell that high bond :

Iol. — He cooles againe. — (*to himselfe.*)

True Sir, and yet mee thinkes to know a reason —
 For passive nature nere had glorious end,
 And he that States preventions ever learn'd,
 Knowes, 'tis one motion to strike and to defend.

Enter Serving-man.

Serv. Some of the Lords without, and from the King,
 They say, wait you.

Ther. What subtle State tricke now ?

But one turne here, and I am back my Lord. — *Exit.*

Iol. This will not doe ; his resolution's like.
 A skilfull horse-man, and reason is the stirrop,
 Which though a sudden shock may make
 It loose, yet does it meet it handsomly agen.
 Stay, 't must be some sudden feare of wrong
 To her, that may draw on a sudden act
 From him, and ruine from the King ; for such
 A spirit will not like common ones, be
 Rais'd by every spell, 'tis in loves circle
 Onely 'twill appeare.

Enter

Enter Therfames.

Thir. I cannot beare the burthen of my wrongs
One minute longer.

Iol. Why ! what's the matter Sir ?

Thir. They doe pretend the safety of the State
Now, nothing but my marriage with *Cadusia*
Can secure th' adjoyning countrey to it ;
Confinement during life for me if I refuse
Diana's Nunnerie for her—And at that Nunn'rie, *Iolas*,
Allegiance in me like the string of a Watch
Wound up too high and forc'd above the nicke,
Ran back, and in a moment was unravell'd all.

Iol. Now by the love I beare to Justice, (crime
That Nunn'rie was too severe ; when vertuous love's a
What man can hope to scape a punishment,
Or who's indeed so wretched to desire it ?

Ther. Right !

Iol. What answer made you, Sir !

Ther. None, they gave me till to morrow,
And e're that be, or they or I
Must know our destinie :

Come friend let's in, there is no sleeping now ;
For time is short, and we have much to doe.—*Exeunt.*

Enter Orfames, Philan Courtiers.

Orf. Judge you, Gentlemen, if I be not as unfortunate
As a gamester thinks himselfe upon the losse
Of the last stake ; this is the first she
I ever swore too heartily and (by those eyes)
I thinke I had continued unperjur'd a whole moneth,
(And that's faire you'll say.)

1 *Court.* Very faire—

Orf. Had she not run mad betwixt.—

2 *Court.* How ? mad ?

Who ? *Semanthe* ?

Orf. Yea, yea, mad, aske *Philan* else.
People that want cleere intervalls take not
So wildly : Ile tell you Gallants ; 'tis now, since first I
found

Found my selfe a little hot and quivering 'bout the heart,
Some ten dayes since (a tedious Ague) Sirs ;
(But what of that ?)

The gracious glance, and little whisper past,
Approches made from th'hand unto the lip,
I came to visit her, and (as you know we use)
Breathing a sigh or two by way of prologue,
Told her, that in Loves Physicke 'twas a rule,
Where the disease had birth to seeke a cure ;
It had no sooner nam'd love to her, but she
Began to talke of Flames, and Flames,
Neither devouring, nor devour'd, of Aire,
And of Camelions---

1 *Court.* Oh the *Platoniques*. (ship's merrie,

2 *Court.* Those of the new religion in love ! your Lord-
Treth, how doe you like the humor on't ?

Ors. As thou wouldst like red haire, or leannesse
In thy Mistresse ; scurvily, 't does worse with handsomnesse,
Than strong desire would doe with impotence ;
A meere tricke to inhance the price of kisses---

Phi. Sure these silly women, when they feed
Our expectation so high, doe but like
Ignorant Conjurers, that raise a Spirit
Which handsomly they cannot lay againe :

Ors. True, 'tis like some that nourish up
Young Lions till they grow so great they are affraid of
Themselves, they dare not grant at last,
For feare they shoud not satisfie.

Phi. Who's for the Town ? I must take up againe,

Ors. This villanous Love's as changeable as the Philo-
sophers Stone, and thy Mistresse as hard to compasse too !

Phi. The Platonique is ever so ; they are as tedious
Before they come to the point, as an old man
Fall'n into the Stories of his youth ; (band,

2 *Cour.* Or a widow into the praises of her first hus-

Ors. Well if she hold out but one moneth longer,
If I doe not quite forget, I ere beleaguer'd there,
And remove the siege to another place, may all The

The curses beguil'd virgins lose upon their perjur'd lovers
Fall upon mee.

Phi. And thou wouldest deserve'em all.

Ors. For what?

Phi. For being in the company of those
That tooke away the Prince's Mistresse from him.

Ors. Peace. that will be redeem'd—
I put but on this wildnesse to disguise my selfe;
There are brave things in hand, heark i'thy eare:--(*whisper*)

1. *Court.* Some severe plot upon a maiden-head.
These two young Lords make love,
As Embroyderers work against a Mask night and day;
They think importunity a neerer way then merit,
And take women as Schoole-boyes catch Squirrells.
Hunt 'em up and downe till they are wearie,
And fall downe before'm.

Ors. Who loves the Prince failes not—

Phi. And I am one: my injuries are great as thine,
And doe perswade as strongly.

Ors. I had command to bring thee,
Faile not and in thine owne disguise,

Phi. Why in disguise?

Ors. It is the Princes policie and love;
For if we should miscarrie,
Some one taken might betray the rest
Unknowne to one another,
Each man is safe in his owne valour;

2 *Court.* And what Mercers wife are you to cheapen now
In stead of his silks?

Ors. Troth; 'tis not so well; 'tis but a Cozen of thine—
Come *Philan* iet's along:—

Exeunt.

Enter Queene alone.

Ors. What is it thus within whispering remorse,
And calls Love Tyrant? all powers, but his,
Their rigour, and our feare, have made divine!
But every Creature holds of him by sense,
The sweetest Tenure; yea! but my husbands brother:

And

Found my selfe a little hot and quivering 'bout the heart,
Some ten dayes since (a tedious Ague) Sirs ;
(But what of that ?)

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But every Creature holds of him by sense,
The sweetest Tenure; yea! but my husbands brother:
And

And what of that? doe harmlesse birds or beasts
 Aske leave of curious Heraldrie at all?
 Does not the wombe of one faire spring,
 Bring unto the earth many sweet rivers,
 That wantonly doe one another chace,
 And in one bed, kisse, mingle, and embrace?
 Man (Natures heire) is not by her will ti'de,
 To shun all creatures are alli'd unto him,
 For then hee should shun all; since death and life
 Doubly allies all them that live by breath:
 The Aire that does impart to all lifes brood,
 Refreshing, is so neere to it selfe, and to us all,
 That all in all is individuall:
 But, how am I sure one and the same desire
 Warmes *Ariaspes*: for Art can keepe alive
 A bedded love.

Enter Ariaspes.

Ari. Alone, (Madam) and overcast with thought,
 Uncloud--uncloud--for if wee may believe
 The smiles of Fortune, love shall no longer pine
 In prison thus, nor undelivered travell
 With throes of feare, and of desire about it.
 The Prince, (like to a valiant beast in nets)
 Striving to force a freedome suddenly,
 Has made himselfe at length, the surer prey:
 The King stands only now betwixt, and is,
 Just like a single tree, that hinders all the prospect:
 'Tis but the cutting downe of him, and wee ---

Orb. Why would't thou thus imbarque into strange seas,
 And trouble Fate, for what we have already?
 Thou art to mee what thou now seek'st, a Kingdome;
 And were thy love as great, as thy ambition;
 I should be so to thee.

Ari. Thinke you, you are not Madam?
 As well and justly may you doubt the truths,
 Tortur'd, or dying men doe leave behind them:
 But then my fortune turnes my miserie,

When

When my addition shall but make you lesse;
 Shall I indure that head that wore a crowne,
 For my sake shou'd weare none? First let me lose
 Th'Exchequer of my wealth, your love; nay, may
 All that rich Treasurie you have about you.
 Be rifled by the man I hated, and I looke on;
 Though youth be full of sinne, and heav'n be just,
 So sad a doome I hope they keepe not from me;
 Remember what a quicke Apostacie he made,
 When all his vowes were up to heav'n and you.
 How, e're the Bridall torches were burnt out,
 His flames grew weake, and sicklier; thinke on that,
 Thinke how unsafe you are, if she should now,
 Not sell her honour at a lower rate,
 Than your place in his bed.

Orb. And would not you prove false too then?

Ari. By this--and this--loves break-fast: (*Kisses her.*)
 By his feasts too yet to come, by all the
 Beauty in this face, divinitie too great
 To be prophan'd —

Orb. O doe not sweare by that;
 Cankers may eat that flow'r upon the stalke,
 (For sicknesse and mischance, are great devourers)
 And when there is not in these cheeks and lips,
 Left red enough to blush at perjurie,
 When you shall make it, what shall I doe then?

Ari. Our soules by that time (Madam)
 Will by long custome so acquainted be,
 They will not need that duller truch-man Flesh,
 But freely, and without those poorer helps,
 Converse and mingle; meane time wee'll teach
 Our loves to speake, not thus to live by signes,
 And action is his native language, Madam,

Enter Ziriff unscene.

This box but open'd to the Sense will doe't.

Orb. I undertake I know not what,

Ari. Thine own safety (Dearest)

Let

Let it be this night, if thou do'st ; *Whisper and kisse.*
Love thy selfe or mee.

Orb. That's very sudden.

Ari. Not if wee be so, and we must now be wise,
For when their Sun sets, ours begins to rise. — *Exeunt.*

Ziriff solus.

Zir. Then all my feares are true, and she is false ;
False as a falling Star, or Glow-wormes fire :
This Devill Beauty is compounded strangely,
It is a subtile point, and hard to know,
Whether 't has in't more active tempting,
Or more passive tempted ; so soone it forces,
And so soone it yeelds —
Good Gods ! shee seiz'd my heart, as if from you
Sh'ad had Commission to have us'd me so ;
And all mankind besides — and see, if the just Ocean
Makes more haste to pay
To needy rivers, what it borrow'd first,
Then shee to give, where she ne're tooke ;
Mee thinks I feele anger, Revenges Harbenger
Chalking up all within, and thrusting out
Of doores, the tame and softer passions ; —
It must be so :

To love is noble frailtie, but poore sin
When we fall once to Love, unlov'd agen. *Exit.*

Enter King, Ariaspes, Jolas.

Ari. 'Twere fit your Justice did consider, (Sir)
What way it tooke ; if you should apprehend
The Prince for Treason (which he never did) *so)*
And which, unacted, is unborn ; (at least will be beleev'd
Lookers on, and the loud talking croud,
Will thinke it all but water colours
Laid on for a time,
And which wip'd off, each common eye would see,
Strange ends through stranger wayes :

King. Think'st thou I will compound with Treason then?
And make one feare anothers Advocate ?

Iol. Vertue forbid Sir, but if you would permit,
Them to approach the roome (yet who would advise
Treason should come so neere ?) there would be then
No place left for excuse.

King. How strong are they ?

Iol. Weake, considering
The enterprize ; they are but few in number,
And those few too, having nothing but
Their resolutions considerable about them.
A Troope indeed design'd to suffer what
They come to execute.

King. Who are they are thus wearie of their lives ?

Iol. Their names I cannot give you.
For those he sent for, he did still receive
At a back doore, and so dismiss them too.
But I doe thinke *Ziriff* is one. —

King. Take heed ! I shall suspect thy hate to others,
Not thy love to me, begot this service ;
This Treason thou thy selfe do'st say
Has but an houres age, and I can give accompt
Of him, beyond that time. — Brother, in the little Tower
Where now *Aglaure's* prisoner,
You shall find him ; bring him along,
Hee yet doth stand untainted in my thoughts,
And to preserve him so,
Hee shall not stirre out of my eyes command
Till this great cloud be over.

Iol. Sir, 'twas the Prince who first —

King. I know all that ! urge it no more !
I love the man ;
And 'tis with paine, wee doe suspect,
Where wee doe not dislike :
Th'art sure hee will have some,
And that they will come to night ?

Iol. As sure as night will come it selfe.

King. Get all your Guards in readines, we wil our selfe
Disperse them afterwards ; and both be sure

To

To weare your thoughts within: Ile act the rest : *Exeunt.*

Enter Philan, Orsames, Courtiers.

2. *Court.* Well.—If there be not some great storme to-
Ne're trust mee; Whisper (Court thunder) is in (wards,
Every corner, and there has been to day
About the Towne a murmuring

And buzzing, such as men use to make,
When they doe feare to vent their feares ; (heads,

1. *Court.* True, and all the States-men hang downe their
Like full ear'd corne ; two of them

Where I sup't, askt what time of night it was,

And when 'twas told them, started, as if

They had been to run a race.

2. *Court.* The King too (if you mark him,) doth faigne (mirth
And jollitie, but through them both,
Flashes of discontent, and anger make escapes :

Ors. Gentlemen ! 'tis pittie heav'n
Design'd you not to make the Almanacks.
You ghesse so shrewdly by the ill aspects,
Or neere conjunctions of the great ones,
At what's to come still ; that without all doubt
The Countrey had beene govern'd wholly by you,
And plow'd and reap'd accordingly ; for mee,
I understand this mysterie as little

As the new Love, and as I take it too,
'Tis much about the Time that every thing

But Owles, and Lovers take their rest ;

Good night, *Philan*——— away — *Exit.*

1. *Court.* 'Tis early yet ; let's goe on the Queens side
And foole a little ; I love to warme my selfe
Before I goe to bed, it does beger
Handsome and sprightly thoughts, and makes
Our dreames halfe solid pleasures.

2. *Court.* Agreed : agreed :

Exeunt.

ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter Prince: Conspirators.

Ther. **C**ouldst thou not find out *Ziriff*?
i. Court. Not speake with him my Lord;
 Yet I sent in by severall men.

Ors. I wonder *Jolas* meets us not here too.

Ther. 'Tis strange, but let's on now how ere,
 When Fortunes, honour, life, and all's in doubt
 Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

Excursions: The Guard upon them.

Ther. Betrai'd! betraid!

Ors. Shift for your selfe Sir, and let us alone,
 Wee will secure your way, and make our own. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, and Lords.

King. Follow Lords, and see quick execution done,
 Leave not a man alive.

Who treads on fire, and does not put it out,
 Disperses feare in many sparks of doubt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Conspirators, and the Guard upon them.

Ors. Stand friends, an equall party—*(Fight.)* *Three of the*
Ph. Brave *Orsames* 'tis pleasure to die neer thee. *Conspirators*
Ors. Talke not of dying *Philan*, we will live, *fall, & three*
 And serve the noble Prince agen; we are alone, *of the Kings sides*
 Off then with thy disguise, & throw it in the bushes; *Orsames &*
 Quick quick; befor the torrent comes upon us: *kill the rest.*
 We shal be streight good subjects, & I despair not *They throw*
 Of reward for this nights service: so.— *of their*
 Wee two now kill'd our friends! 'tis hard, *disguises.*
 But 't must be so.

Enter Ariaspes, Jolas, two Courtiers, part
of the Guard.

Ari. Follow! Follow!

Ors. Yes; so you may now, y'are not like'y to overtake.
Jol.

Jol. Orsames, and *Philan*, how came you hither?

Ors. The neereſt way it ſeems, you follow'd (thank you)
As if 'thad been through quickſets:

Jol. 'Sdeath have they all eſcap'd?

Ors. Not all, two of them we made ſure;
But they coſt deare, looke here elſe.

Ari. Is the Prince there?

Phi. They are both Princes I thinke,
They fought like Princes I am ſure. (vizors.)
Jolas pulls off the

Jol. *Stephines*, and *Odiris*—we trifle.
Which way tooke the reſt?

Ors. Two of them are certainly hereabouts.

Ari. Upon my life they ſwam the river;
Some ſtreight to horſe and follow o're the bridge;
You and I my Lord will ſearch this place a little better.

Ors. Your Highneſſe will I hope remember, who were
The men were in —

Ari. Oh! fear not, your Miſtreſſe ſhall know y'are valiant.

Ors. *Philan*! if thou lov'ſt me, let's kill them upon the

Phi. Fie: thou now art wild indeed; (place.)
Thou taught'ſt me to be wiſe firſt,
And I will now keep thee ſo. — Follow, follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aglaura with a Lute.

The Prince comes and knocks within.

Ther. Madam!

Agl. What wretch is this that thus uſurps
Upon the priviledge of Ghoſts, and walks
At mid-night?

Ther. Aglaura.

Agl. Betray me not
My willing ſenſe too ſoone, yet if that voyce
Be falſe. —

Ther. Open faire Saint, and let me in.

Agl. It is the Prince —
As willingly as thoſe
That cannot ſleep do light; welcome (Sir,) (Opens.)
Welcome above. — *Spies his ſword drawne.*
Beſſe

Blesse me, what means this unsheath'd minister of death?

If, Sir, on mee quick Justice be to passe,
Why this? absence alas, or such strange lookes
As you now bring with you would kill as soone:

Ther. Softly! for I, like a hard hunted Deere,
Have only hearded here; and though the crie
Reach not our eares, yet am I follow'd close:
O my heart! since I saw thee,

Time has been strangely Active, and begot
A Monstrous issue of unheard of Storie:
Sit; thou shalt have it all! nay, sigh not.
Such blasts will hinder all the passage;
Do'st thou remember, how wee parted last?

Agl. Can I forget it Sir?

Ther. That word of parting was ill plac'd, I sweare,
It may be ominous; but do'st thou know
Into whose hands I gave thee?

Agl. Yes into *Ziriff's* Sir.

Ther. That *Ziriff* was thy brother, brave *Zorannes*
Preserv'd by miracle in that sad day
Thy father fell, and since thus in disguise,
Waiting his just revenge.

Agl. You doe amaze me, Sir.

Ther. And must doe more, when I tell all the storie.
The King, the jealous King, knew of the marriage,
And when thou thought'st thy selfe by my direction,
Thou wert his Prisoner;
Unlesse I would renounce all right,
And cease to love thee, (ô strange, and fond request!)
Immur'd thou must have been in some sad place,
And lockt for ever, from *Thersames* fight.
For ever — and that unable to indure
This night, I did attempt his life.

Agl. Was it well done Sir?

Ther. O no! extremely ill!
For to attempt and not to act was poore:
Here the dead-doing Law, (like ill-paid Souldiers)

Leaves the side 'twas on, to joyne with power,
 Royall villany now will looke so like to Justice,
 That the times to come, and curious posteritie,
 Will find no difference: weep'st thou *Aglaura*?
 Come, to bed my Love!

And wee will there mock Tyrannie, and Fate,
 Those softer houres of pleasure, and delight,
 That like so many single Pearles, should have
 Adorn'd our thread of life, wee will at once,
 By Loves mysterious power, and this nights help
 Contract to one, and make but one rich draught
 Of all.

Agl. What meane you Sir?

Ther. To make my selfe incapable of miserie,
 By taking strong preservative of happinesse:
 I would this night injoy thee:

Agl. Doe: Sir, doe what you will with mee,
 For I am too much yours, to deny the right
 How ever claim'd—but —

Ther. But what *Aglaura*?

Agl. Gather not roses in a wet and frowning houre,
 They'll lose their sweets then, trust me they will Sir.
 What pleasure can Love take to play his game out,
 When death must keep the Stakes — *A noise without.*
 Hark Sir — grave-bringers, and last minutes are at hand,
 Hide, hide your selfe, for Loves sake hide your selfe.

Ther. As soon the Sunne may hide himselfe, as I.
 The Prince of *Persia* hide himselfe?

Agl. O talke not Sir; the Sunne does hide himselfe
 When night and blacknesse comes — (then;

Ther. Never sweet Ignorance, he shines in th'other world
 And so shall I, if I set here in glorie:

Enter

Opens the doore. enter Ziriff.

Yee hastie seekers of life.

Sorannez. —

Agl. My brother!

If all the joy within mee come not out,

To give a welcome to so deare an object,
Excuse it Sir ; sorrow locks up all doores.

Zir. If there be such a Toy about you, Sister,
Keep't for your selfe, or lend it to the Prince ;
There is a dearth of that Commoditie,
And you have made it Sir. Now ?
What is the next mad thing you meane to doe ?
Will you stay here ? when all the Court's beset
Like to a wood at a great hunt and busie mischief hastes
To be in view, and have you in her power —

Ther. To mee all this —
For great griefe's deafe as well as it is dumbe,
And drives no trade at all with Counsell : (Sir)
Why doe you not Tutor one that has the Plague,
And see if he will feare an after ague fit ;
Such is all mischief now to me ; there is none left
Is worth a thought. death is the worst, I know,
And that compar'd to shame, does look more lovely now
Than a chaste Mistresse, set by common woman —
And I must court it Sir ? (our selves :

Zir. No wonder if that heav'n forsake us, when we leave
What is there done should feed such high despaire ?
Were you but safe —

Agl. Deare (Sir) be rul'd,
If love, be love, and magick too,
(As sure it is where it is true ;)
Wee then shall meet in absence, and in spight
Of all divorce, freely enjoy together,
What niggard Fate thus peevishly denies.

Ther. Yea: but if pleasures be themselves but dreames,
What then are the dreames of these to men ?
That monster, Expectation, will devoure
All that is within our hope or power,
And e're we once can come to shew, how rich
We are, we shall be poore,
Shall we not *Sorannez* ?

Zir. I understand not this,

In times of envious penurie (such as these are)
 To keepe but love alive is faire, we should not thinke
 Of feasting him : come (Sir)
 Here in these lodgings is a little doore,
 That leads unto another ; that againe,
 Unto a vault, that has his passage under
 The little river, opening into the wood ;
 From thence 'tis but some few minutes easie businesse
 Unto a Servants house of mine (who for his faith
 And honestie, hereafter must
 Looke big in Storie) there you are safe however ;
 And when this Storme has met a little calme,
 What wild desire dares whisper to it selfe,
 You may enjoy, and at the worst may steale :

Ther. What shall become of thee *Aglaure* then?
 Shall I leave thee their rages sacrifice?
 And like dull Seamen threatned with a storme,
 Throw all away, I have, to save my selfe?

Agl. Can I be safe when you are not? my Lord?
 Knowes love in us divided happinesse?
 Am I the safer for your being here?
 Can you give that you have not for your selfe?
 My innocence is my best guard, and that your stay
 Betraying it unto suspicion, takes away.
 If you did love mee? —

(*Kisses her.*)

Ther. Grows that in question? then 'tis time to part: —
 When we shall meet again Heav'n onely knowes,
 And when wee shall, I know we shall be old:
 Love does not calculate the common way,
 Minutes are houres there, and the houres are dayes,
 Each day's a yeare, and every yeare an age;
 What will this come to thinke you?

Zir. Would this were all the ill,
 For these are pretty little harmlesse nothings;
 Times horse runs full as fast hard borne and curb'd,
 As in his full carreere loose-rain'd and spurr'd:
 Come, come, let's away.

Ther.

Ther. Happinesse, such as men lost in miserie
Would wrong in naming, 'tis so much above them,
All that I want of it, all you deserve,
Heav'n send you in my absence.

Agl. And miserie, such as wittie malice would
Lay out in curses, on the thing it hates,
Heav'n send me in the stead, if when y'are gone
I welcome it but for your sake alone. — *Exeunt.* Leads him

Zir. Stir not from hence, Sir, til you hear from me out, & enters up out
So goodnight deare Prince. of the

Ther. Goodnight deere friend. vault.

Zir. When we meet next all this will but advance —
Joy never feasts so high,
As when the first course is of miserie. *Exeunt.*

C 3

ACTVS

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter three or foure Courtiers.

1 *Court.* **B**Y this light—a brave Prince,
He made no more of the Guard, than they
Would of a Taylor on a Maske night, that has refus'd
Trusting before.

2 *Court.* Hee's as Active as he is valiant too;
Didst mark him how he stood like all the points
O'th' Compasse, and as good Pictures,
Had his eyes, towards every man.

3 *Court.* And his sword too,
All th'other side walk up and down the Court now,
As if they had lost their way, and stare,
Like Grey-hounds, when the Hare has taken the furze.

1 *Court.* Right.
And have more troubles about'em
Than a Serving-man that has forgot his message
When he's come upon the place.—

2 *Court.* Yonder's the King within chafing, & swearing
Like an old Falconer upon the first flight
Of a young Hawke, when some Clowne
Has taken away the quarrie from her;
And all the Lords stand round about him,
As if he were to be baited, with much more feare,
And at much more distance, (time:
Than a Countrey Gentlewoman sees the Lions the first
Look: he's broke loose.

Enter King and Lords.

King. Find him; or by *Osiris* selfe, you all are Traitors;
And equally shall pay to Justice; a single man,
And guiltie too, breake through you all!

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Confidence!
(Thou paint of women, and the States-mans wisdom,
Valour

Valour for Cowards, and of the guilties Innocence,) Assist me now.

Sir, send these Starers off :

I have some businesse will deserve your privacie.

King. Leave us.

Jol. How the villaine swells upon us ? — *Exeunt.*

Zir. Not to punish thought,

Or keepe it long upon the wrack of doubt,

Know Sir,

That by corruption of the waiting woman,

The common key of secrets, I have found

The truth at last, and have discover'd all :

The Prince your Sonne was by *Aglaura's* meanes,

Convey'd last night unto the Cypresse Grove,

Through a close vault that opens in the lodgings :

Hee does intend to joyne with *Carimania*,

But e're he goes, resolves to finish all

The rites of Love, and this night meanes

To steale what is behind.

King. How good is Heav'n unto mee !

That when it gave me Traitours for my Subjects,

Would lend me such a Servant !

Zir. How just (Sir) rather,

That would bestow this Fortune on the poore.

And where your bountie had made debt so infinite

That it grew desperate, their hope to pay it —

King. Enough of that, thou do'st but gently chide

Me for a fault, that I will mend ; for I

Have been too poore, and low in my rewards

Unto thy vertue : but to our businesse ;

The question is, whether we shall rely

Upon our Guards agen ?

Zir. By no meanes Sir :

Hope on his future fortunes, or their Love

Unto his person, has so sicklied o're

Their resolutions, that we must not trust them.

Besides, it were but needlesse here ;

Hee passes through the vault alone, and I
 My selfe durst undertake that businesse,
 If that were all, but there is something else,
 This accident doth prompt my zeale to serve you in.
 I know you love *Aglaura* (Sir) with passion,
 And would enjoy her; I know besides
 Shee loves him so, that whosoe're shall bring
 The tidings of his death, must carrie back
 The newes of hers, so that your Justice (Sir)
 Must rob your hope: but there is yet a way —

King. Here I take my heart; for I have hitherto
 Too vainly spent the treasure of my love,
 I'll have it coyn'd streight into friendship all,
 And make a present to thee.

Zir. If any part of this rich happinesse.
 (Fortune prepares now for you) shall owe it selfe
 Unto my weake endeavours, I have enough,
Aglaura without doubt this night expects
 The Prince, and why
 You should not then supply his place by stealth,
 And in disguise —

King. I apprehend thee *Ziriff*,
 But there's difficultie —

Zir. Who trades in love must be an adventurer, (Sir)
 But here is scarce enough to make the pleasure dearer:
 I know the Cave; your Brother and my selfe
 With *Iolas*, (for those w'are sure doe hate him,)
 With some few chosen more betimes will wait
 The Princes passing through the vault; if hee
 Comes first, hee's dead; and if it be your selfe,
 Wee will conduct you to the chamber doore,
 And stand 'twixt you and danger afterwards.

King. I have conceiv'd of joy, and am grown great:
 Till I have safe deliverance, time's a cripple
 And goes on crutches. — as for thee my *Ziriff*,
 I doe here entertaine a friendship with thee,
 Shall drowne the memorie of all patternes past;

Wee will oblige by turnes ; and that so thick,
And fast, that curious studiers of it,
Shall not once dare to cast it up, or say
By way of ghesse, whether thou or I
Remaine the debtors, when wee come to die. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Semanthe, Orithie, Philan, Orsames,
Lords and Ladies.*

Ori. Is the Queen ready to come out ?

Phi. Not yet sure the Kings brother is but newly entred;

Sem. Come my Lord, the Song then.

Ori. The Song.

Ors. A vengeance take this love, it spoyles a voyce
Worse than the losing of a maiden-head.

I have got such a cold with rising

And walking in my shirt a nights, that

A Bittorne whooping in a reed is better musicke.

Ori. This modestie becomes you as ill, my Lord,
As wooing would us women ; pray, put's not to't.

Ors. Nay Ladies, you shall finde mee,

As free, as the Musicians of the woods

Themselves ; what I have, you shall not need to call for.

Nor shall it cost you any thing.

SONG

S O N G.

W Hy so pale and wan fond Lover?
 Prithee why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevaile?
 Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute young Sinner?
 Prithee why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing doo't?
 Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move
 This cannot take her;
 If of her selfe shee will not Love,
 Nothing can make her,
 The Devill take her.

Ori. I should have ghest, it had been the issue of
 Your braine, if I had not been told so;

Ors. A little scolish counsell (Madam) I gave a friend
 Of mine foure or five yeares agoe, when he was
 Falling into a Consumption. —

Enter Queene.

Orb. Which of all you have seene the faire prisoner
 Since shee was confinde?

Senz. I have Madam.

Orb. And how behaves shee now her selfe?

Senz. As one that had intrench'd so deepe in Innocence,
 Shee fear'd no enemies, beares all quietly,
 And smiles at Fortune, whil'st shee frownes on her

Orb. So gallant! I wonder where the beautie lies

That

That thus inflames the royall bloud?

(them

Ori. Faces, Madam, are like bookes, those that do study
Know best, and to say truth, 'tis still
Much as it pleases the Courteous Reader.

Orb. These Lovers sure are like Astronomers,
That when the vulgar eye discovers, but
A Skie above, studded with some few stars,
Finde out besides strange fishes, birds, and beasts.

Sem. As men in sicknesse scorch'd into a raving
Doe see the Devill, in all shapes and formes,
When standers by wondring, aske where, and when;
So they in Love, for all's but feaver there,
And madnesse too.

Orb. That's too severe *Semanthe* ;
But we will have your reasons in the parke ;
Are the doores open through the Gardens ?

Lo. The King has newly led the way.

Exeunt.

*Enter Ariaspes : Ziriff, with a
warrant sealed.*

Ari. Thou art a Tyrant, *Ziriff* : I shall die with joy.

Zir. I must confesse my Lord; had but the Princes ill
Prov'd sleight, and not thus dangerous,
Hee should have ow'd to me, at least I would
Have laid a claime unto his safetie ; and
Like Physicians, that doe challenge right
In Natures cures, look'd for reward and thanks ;
But since 'twas otherwise, I thought it best
To save my selfe, and then to save the State.

Ari. 'Twas wisely done.

Zir. Safely I'me sure, my Lord ! you know 'tis not
Our custome, where the Kings dislike, once swells to hate,
There to ingage our selves ; Court friendship
Is a Cable, that in stormes is ever cut,
And I made bold with it ; here is the warrant seal'd
And for the execution of it, if you thinke
We are not strong enough, we may have
Iolas, for him the King did name.

Ari.

Ari. And him I would have named.

Zir. But is hee not too much the Prince's (Sir?)

Ari. Hee is as lights in Sceanes at Masques,
What glorious shew so e're he makes without,
I that set him there, know why, and how; *Enter Jolas.*
But here he is.—

Come *Jolas*; and since the Heav'ns decreed,
The man whom thou should'st envie, should be such,
That all men else must doo't; be not a shan'd
Thou once wert guiltie of it;
But blesse them, that they give thee now a meanes,
To make a friendship with him, and vouchsafe
To find thee out a way to love, where well
Thou couldst not hate.

Jol. What meanes my Lord?

Ari. Here, here he stands that has preserv'd us all!
That sacrific'd unto a publique good,
(The dearest private good we mortals have)
Friendship: gave into our armes the Prince,
When nothing but the sword (perchance a ruine)
Was left to doe it.

Jol. How could I chide my love, and my ambition now,
That thrust me upon such a quarrell? here I doe vow—

Zir. Hold doe not vow my Lord, let it deserve it first;
And yet (if Heav'n blesse honest mens intents)
'Tis not Impossible. (lars,
My Lord, you will be pleas'd to informe him in particu-
I must be gone.—

The King I feare already has been left
Too long alone.

Ari. Stay—the houre and place.

Zir. Eleven, under the Tarras walke;
I will not faile you there. *Goes out, returns back again.*
I had forgot:—

'Tmay be, the small remainder of those lost men
That were of the conspiracie, will come along with him:
'Twere best to have some chosen of the Guard

within

Within our call —

Exit Ziriff.

Ari. Honett, and carefull *Ziriff*: Jolas stands musing.
How now Planet strooke?

Iol. This *Ziriff* will grow great with all the world,

Ari. Shallow man: short sighteder than Travellers in mists,
Or women that outlive themselves; do'st thou not see,
That whil'st hee does prepare a Tombe with one hand
For his friend, he digs a Grave with th'other for himselfe?

Iol. How so?

Ari. Do'st thinke hee shall not feele the weight of this,
As well as poore *Thersames*?

Iol. Shall wee then kill him too at the same instant?

Ari. And say, the Prince made an unluckie thrust.

Iol. Right.

Ari. Dull, dull, he must not dye so uselesly.

As when we wipe off filth from any place,
We throw away the thing that made it cleane,
So this once done, hee's gone.

Thou know'st the People love the Prince to their rage
Something the State must offer up; who fitter
Than thy rivall and my enemy?

Iol. Rare! our witnesse will be taken.

Ari. Pish! let me alone.

The Giants that made mountaines ladders,
And thought to take great *Iove* by force, were fooles:
Not hill on hill, but plot on plot, does make
Us sit above, and laugh at all below us. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Aglaura, and a Singing Boy.

Boy. Madam, 'twill make you melancholly,
He sing the *Prince's* Song, that's sad enough.

Agl. What you will Sir.

SONG.

NO, no, faire Heretique, it needs must bee
 But an ill Love in mee,
 And worse for thee.

For were it in my Power,
 To love thee now this hower,
 More than I did the last;

I would then so fall,
 I might not Love at all;

Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
 Admitts as well an Ebb, and may grow lesse.

2

True Love is stil the same; the torrid Zones,
 And those more frigid ones,
 It must not know:

For Love growne cold or hot,
 Is Lust, or Friendship, not
 The thing wee have;

For that's a flame would die,
 Held downe, or up to high:

Then think I love more than I can expresse,
 And would love more, could I but love thee lesse.

Agl. Leave mee! for to a Soule, so out of Tune,
 As mine is now; nothing is harmony:
 When once the maine-spring, *Hope*, is false into
 Disorder; no wonder, if the lesser wheelles,
Desire, and *Ioy*, stand still; my thoughts like *Bees*

When

When they have lost their King, wander
Confusedly up and downe, and settle no where.

Enter Orithe.

Orithe. flie ! flie the roome,
As thou would'st shun the habitations
Which Spirits haunt, or where thy nearer friends
Walk after death ; here is not only Love,
But Loves plague too — misfortune ; and so high,
That it is sure infectious! (than you,

Ori. Madam, so much more miserable am I this way
That should I pitie you, I should forget my selfe :
My sufferings are such, that with lesse patience
You may indure your owne, than give mine Audience.
There is that difference, that you may make
Yours none at all, but by considering mine !

Agl. O speake them quickly then ! the marriage day
To Passionate Lovers never was more welcome,
Than any kinde of ease would be to mee now.

Ori. Could they be spoke, they wre not then so great.
I love, and dare not say I love ; dare not hope,
What I desire ; yet still too must desire —
And like a starving man brought to a feast,
And made say grace, to what he nere shall taste,
Be thankfull after all, and kisse the hand,
That made the wound thus deepe.

Agl. 'Tis hard indeed, but with what unjust scales,
Thou took'st the weight of our mis-fortunes,
Be thine owne Judge now.
Thou mourn'st for losse of that thou never hadst,
Or if thou hadst a losse, it never was
Of a *Thersames*.

Would'st thou not thinke a Merchant mad, *Orithe* ?
If thou shouldst see him weepe, and teare his haire,
Because hee brought not both the Indies home ?
And wouldst not thinke his sorrowes very just,
If having fraught his ship with some rich Treasure,
Hee sunke i'th' very Port ? This is our case.

Ori.

Ori. And doe you thinke there is such odds in it?
Would Heaven we women could as easily change
Our fortunes as ('tis said) we can our minds.
I cannot (Madam) thinke them miserable,
That have the Princes Love.

Agl. Hee is the man then—
Blush not *Orithie*, 'tis a sinne to blush
For loving him, though none at all to love him.
I can admit of rivalship without
A jealousie — nay shall be glad of it :
Wee two will sit, and thinke, and think and sigh,
And sigh, and talke of love—and of *Thersames*.
Thou shalt be praising of his wit, while I
Admire he governes it so well :
Like this thing, said thus, th'other thing thus done,
And in good language him for these adore,
While I want words to doo't, yet doe it more.
Thus will wee doe, till death it selfe shall us
Divide, and then whose fate 'tshall be to die
First of the two, by legacie shall all
Her love bequeath, and give her stock to her
That shall survive ; for no one stock can serve
To love *Thersames* so as he'll deserve.

Enter King, Ziriff.

King. What have we here impossibilitie?
A constant night, and yet within the roome
That, that can make the day before the Sunne?
Silent *Aglaura* too?

Agl. I know not what you say :
Is't to your pitie, or your scorne, I owe
The favour of this visit (Sir?) for such
My fortune is, it doth deserve them both :

King. And such thy beauty is, that it makes good
All Fortunes, sorrow looks lovely here ;
And there's no man that would not entertaine
His griefes as friends, were he but sure they'd shew
No worse upon him — but I forget my selfe,

I came to chide.

Agl. If I have sinn'd so high, that yet my punishment
Equalls not my crime,
Doe Sir ; I should be loth to die in debt
To Justice, how ill soe're I paid
The scores of Love.—

King. And those indeed thou hast but paid indifferently
To me, I did deserve at least faire death,
Not to be murthered thus in private :
That was too cruell, Mistresse.
And I doe know thou do'st repent, and wilt
Yet make me satisfaction :

Agl. What satisfaction Sir ?
I am no monstet, never had two hearts ;
One is by holy vowes anothers now,
And could I give it you, you would not take it,
For 'tis alike impossible for mee,
To love againe, as you love Perjurie.
O Sir ! consider, what a flame love is,
If by rude meanes you thinke to force a light,
That of it selfe it would not freely give,
You blow it out, and leave your selfe i' th' darke.
The Prince once gone, you may as well perswade
The light to stay behinde, when the Sun posts
To th' other world, as mee ; alas ! wee two,
Have mingled soules more than two meeting brooks ;
And whosoever is design'd to be
The murtherer of my Lord. (as sure there is,
Has anger'd heav'n so farre that 'tas decreed
Him to encrease his punishment that way)
Would he but search the heart, when he has done,
Hee there would find *Aglaura* murther'd too.

King. Thou hast o'recome me, mov'd so handsomely
For pitie, that I will dis-inherit
The elder brother, and from this houre be
Thy Convert, not thy Lover.—

Ziriff, dispatch away—

And he that brings newes of the Prince's welfare,
 Looke that he have the same reward, we had decreed
 To him, brought tidings of his death.

'Tmust be a busie and bold hand, that would
 Unlinke a chaine the Gods themselves have made :
 Peace to thy thoughts : *Aglaura*— *Exit.*

Ziriff steps back and speaks.

Zir. What e're he sayes beleeeve him not *Aglaura* :
 For lust and rage ride high within him now :
 He knowes *Thersames* made th'escape from hence,
 And does conceale it only for his ends :
 For by the favour of mistake and night,
 He hopes t'enjoy thee in the Prince's roome ;
 I shall be mist — else I would tell thee more ;
 But thou mayest ghesse, for our condition
 Admits no middle wayes, either we must
 Send them to Graves, or lie our selves in dust—*Exit.*

Aglaura stands still and studies.

Agl. Ha ! 'tis a strange Act thought puts me now upon ;
 Yet sure my brother meant the selfe-same thing,
 And my *Thersames* would have done 't for me :
 To take his life, that seekes to take away
 The life of Life, (honour from me ;) and from
 The world, the life of honour, *Thersames* ;
 Must needs be something sure, of kin to Justice.
 If I doe faile, th'attempt howe're was brave,
 And I shall have at worst a handsome grave— *Exit.*

Enter Jolas, Semanthe.

Semanthe steps backe, Jolas stayes her.

Jol. What? are we growne, *Semanthe*, night, and day?
 Must one still vanish when the other comes?
 Of all that ever Love did yet bring forth
 (And 'thas been fruitfull too) this is
 The strangest issue.—

Sem. What my Lord?

Jol. Hate *Semanthe*.

Sem. You doe mistake, if I doe shun you, 'tis,

As bashfull Debtors shun their Creditors,
I cannot pay you in the selfe-same coyne,
And am a'ham'd to offer any other.

Iol. It is ill done, *Semanthe*, to plea I bankrupt,
When with such ease you may be out of debt ;
In loves dominions, native commoditie
Is currant payment, change is all the Trade,
And heart for heart the richest merchandize, (prove

Sem. 'Twould here be mean my Lord, since mine would
In your hands but a Counterfeit, and yours in mine
Worth nothing ; Sympathy, not greatnesse,
Makes those Jewells rise in value.

Iol. Sympathy ! O teach but yours to love then,
And two so rich no mortall ever knew.

Sem. That heart would Love but ill that must be taught,
Such fires as these still kindle of themselves.

Iol. In such a cold, and frozen place as is
Thy breast ? how should they kindle of themselves
Semanthe ?

Sem. Aske how the Flint can carrie fire within ?
'Tis the least miracle that Love can doe :

Iol. Thou art thy selfe the greatest miracle,
For thou art faire to all perfection,
And yet do'st want the greatest part of beautie,
Kindnesse ; thy crueltie (next to thy selfe)
Above all things on earth takes up my wonder.

Sem. Call not that crueltie which is our fate,
Beleeve me *Iolas* the honest Swaine
That from the brow of some steepe cliffe far off,
Beholds a ship labouring in vaine against
The boysterous and unruly Elements, ne're had
Lesse power, or more desire to help than I ;
At every sigh, I die, and every looke,
Does move ; and any passion you will have
But Love, I have in store : I will be angrie,
Quarrell with destinie, and with my selfe
That it is no better ; be melancholy ;

And (though mine owne disaisters well might plead
 To be in chiefe,) yours only shall have place,
 I'll pitie, and (if that's too low) I'll grieve,
 As for my sinnes, I cannot give you ease;
 All this I doe, and this I hope will prove
 'Tis greater Torment not to love, than Love. — *Exit.*

Iol. So perishing Sailours pray to stormes,
 And so they heare agen. So men
 With death about them, looke on Physitians that
 Have given them o're, and so they turne away:
 Two fixed Stars that keep a constant distance,
 And by lawes made with themselves must know
 No motion excentrick, may meet as soone as wee:
 The anger that the foolish Sea does shew,
 When it does brave it out, and rore against
 A stubborne rock that still denies it passage,
 Is not so vaine and fruitlesse, as my prayers.
 Yee mighty Powers of Love and Fate, where is
 Your Justice here? It is thy part (fond Boy)
 When thou do'st find one wounded heart, to make
 The other so, but if thy Tyranny
 Be such, that thou wilt leave one breast to hate,
 If we must live, and this survive,
 How much more cruell's Fate? — *Exit.*

ACTVS

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter Ziriff, Ariaspes, Iolas.

Iol. **A** Glorious night!
Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove so.

Are wee not there yet?

Zir. 'Tis about this hollow. *Enter the Cave.*

Ari. How now! what region are we got into?
Th'enheritance of night;
Are we not mistaken a turning *Ziriff*,
And stept into some melancholy Devils Territorie?
Sure 'tis a part of the first *Chaos*,
That would endure no change.

Zir. No matter Sir, 'tis as proper for our purpose,
As the Lobbie for the waiting womans.
Stay you here, I'll move a little backward,
And so we shall be sure to put him past
Retreat: you know the word if't be the prince. *(Goes to the*
Enter King. *mouth of the Cave.*

Here Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet. —

King. Hee is not come then?

Zir. No.

King. Where's *Ariaspes*?

Zir. Waiting within. *He leads him on steps behind*

Iol. I do not like this waiting, *him gives the false*
Nor this fellowes leaving us. *word they kill the king.*

Ari. This place does put odd thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thine owne nature too, as jealous
As either Love, or Honor: Come, weare thy sword in rea-
And thinke how neere we are a Crowne. *(diness,*

Zir. Revenge!

So let's drag him to the light, and search
His pockets, there may be papers there that will

Discover the rest of the Conspiratours.

Iolas your hand—

Draw him out.

Jol. Whom have we here? the King!

Zir. Yes and *Zorannes* too. Illo! hoe!— *Enter Pasithas and others.*

Unarme them.

D'ee stare?

This for my Fathers injuries & mine: *Points to the Kings dead body.*

Halfe Love, halfe Duties Sacrifice,

This—for the noble Prince, an offering to friendship: *(runs at Jolas.*

Iol. Basely! and tamely— *Dies.*

Ari. What hast thou done?

Zir. Nothing—kill'd a Traytour,
So—away with them, and leave us,
Pasithas be onely you in call.

Ari. What do'st thou pawse?

Hast thou remorse already murtherer?

Zir. No foole: 'tis but a difference I put
Betwixt the crimes: *Orbella* is our quarrell;
And I doe hold it fit, that love should have
A nobler way of Justice, than Revenge
Or Treason; follow me out of the wood,
And thou shalt be Master of this againe: *(agen.*
And then, best arme and title take it. *They go out & enter*
There— *Gives him his Sword.*

Ari. Extreemly good! Nature tooke paines I sweare,
The villaine and the brave are mingled handsomely.

Zir. 'Twas Fate that tooke it, when it decreed
Wee two should meet, nor shall they mingle now
Wee are brought together strait to part.— *Fight.*

Ari. Some Devill sure has borrowed this shape. *Pause.*
My Sword ne're stay'd thus long to find an entrance.

Zir. To guiltie men, all that appeares is Devill,
Come Trifler come.— *Fight againe, Ariaspes falls.*

Ari. Whither whither thou fleeting Coward life?
Bubble of Time, Natures shame, stay; a little, stay!
Till I have look'd my selfe into revenge,
And star'd this Traytour to a carkasse first.

— It will not be : — Falls.

The Crowne, the Crowne, too

Now is lost, for ever lost—oh ! —

Ambition's, but an *Ignis fatuus*, I see

Misleading fond mortalitie,

That hurries us about, and sets us downe

Just—where-- wee-- first-- begun— Dies.

Zir. What a great spreading mightie thing this was,

And what a nothing now ? how soone poore man

Vanishes into his noone-tide shadow ?

But hopes o're fed have seldom better done:— (*Hollows.*)

Take up this lump of vanity, and honour, Enter Pafithas.

And carry it the back way to my lodging,

There may be use of States-men, when th'are dead :

So.— for the Cittadell now, for in such times

As these, when the unruly multitude

Is up in swarmes, and no man knowes which way

They'll take, 'tis good to have retreat. Exeunt.

Enter Therfames.

Ther. The Dog-star's got up high, it should be late :

And sure by this time every waking eare,

And watchfull eye is charm'd ; and yet me thought

A noyse of weapons struck my eare just now.

'Twas but my fancie sure, and were it more,

I would not tread on step, that did not lead

To my *Aglaura*, stood all his Guard betwixt,

With lightning in their hands ;

Danger ! thou Dwarfse drest up in Giants clothes,

That shew'st farre off, still greater than thou art :

Goe, terrifie the simple, and the guiltie, such

As with false Opticks, still doe looke upon thee.

But fright not Lovers, wee dare looke on thee

In thy worst shape, and meet thee in them too.

Stay—These trees I made my marke, 'tis hereabouts,

— Love guide me but right this night,

And Lovers shall restore thee back againe

Those eyes the Poets tooke so boldly from thee. Exit

D 4

Aglaura.

*Aglaura with a torch in one hand and a dagger
in the other.*

(worse

Agl. How ill this does become this hand, how much the
This suits with this, one of the two should goe.
The shee within mee sayes, it must be this—
Honor sayes this — and honour is *Thersames* friend.
What is that shee then? it is not a thing
That sets a Price, not upon me, but on
Life in my name, leading me into doubt,
Which when 'tas done, it cannot light me out.
For feare does drive to Fate, or Fate if wee
Doe flie, oretakes, and holds us, till or death,
Or infamie, or both doth seize us.— *Puts out the light.*
Ha! — would 'twere in agen.

Antiques and strange mishapes,
Such as the Porter to my Soule, mine Eye,
Was ne're acquainted with, Fancie lets in,
Like a distracted multitude, by some strange accident
Piec'd together, feare now afresh comes on,
And charges Love to home.

—Hee comes — he comes—

Woman, if thou would'st be the Subject of mans wonder,
Not his scorne hereafter now shew thy selfe.

*Enter Prince rising from the vault, she stabs him two or three
times, hee falls she goes back to her chamber.*

Sudden and fortunate.

My better Angell sure did both infuse

A strength, and did direct it.

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Aglaura!

Agl. Brother —

Zir. The same.

So slow to let in such a long'd for Guest?

Must Joy stand knocking Sister? come, prepare,
Prepare. —

The King of *Persia's* comming to you strait!

The King! — marke that.

(you,

Agl. I thought how poore the Joyes you brought with
Were

Were in respect of those that were with me ;

Joyes, are our hopes stript of their feares,

And such are mine ; for know, deare Brother,

The King is come already, and is gone — marke that.

Zir. Is this instinct, or riddle? what King? how gone?

Agl. The Cave will tell you more —

Zir. Some sad mistake — thou hast undone us all. *Goes out,*
The Prince ! the Prince ! cold as the bed of earth *enters ha-*
He lies upon, as senselesse too ; death hangs *stily a-*
Upon his lips. *gaine.*

Like an untimely frost, upon an early Cherrie ;

The noble Guest, his Soule, tooke it so ill

That you should use his old Acquaintance so,

That neither pray'rs, nor teares, can e're perswade

Him back againe. — *Aglaura smoures : rubs her.*

Hold hold ! wee cannot sure part thus !

Sister ! *Aglaura ! The same* is not dead,

It is the Prince that calls —

Agl. The Prince, where? —

Tell me, or I will strait goe back againe,

Into those groves of Gesseminē, thou took'st me from,

And finde him out, or lose my selfe for ever.

Zir. For ever. — I : there's it !

For in those Groves thou talk'st of,

There are so many by-wayses, and odd turnings.

Leading unto such wild and dismall places,

That should we goe without a guide, or stir

Before Heav'n calls, 'tis strongly to be feared

We there should wander up and downe for ever,

And be benighted to eternitie —

Agl. Benighted to eternitie? — What's that?

Zir. Why 'tis to be benighted to eternitie ;

To sit i'th' darke, and doe I know not what ;

Unriddle at our owne sad cost and charge,

The doubts the learned here doe onely move —

Agl. What place have murtherers brother there? for sure

The murtherer of the Prince must have

A punishment that Heaven is yet to make. —

Zir. How is religion fool'd betwixt our loves,
And feares ? poore Girle, for ought that thou hast done,
Thy Chaplets may be faire and flourishing,
As his in the *Elysium* :

Agl. Doe you thinke so ?

Zir. Yes, I doe thinke so.

The iuster Judges of our Actions,
Would they have been severe upon
Our weaknesse,
Would (sure) have made us stronger. —
Fie ! those teares

A Bride upon the marriage day as properly
Might shed as thou, here widowes doo't
And marrie next day after :

To such a funerall as this, there should be
nothing common —

Wee'll mourne him so, that those that are alive
Shall thinke themselves more buried far than hee ;
And wish to have his grave, to find his Obsequies : (*dies.*
But stay — the Body. *Brings up the body, she swoons and*
Agen ! Sister — *Aglaura* —

O speake once more, once more looke out faire Soule. —
Shee's gone. —

Irrevocably gone. — And winging now the Aire,
Like a glad bird broken from some cage :

Poore Bankrupt heart, when 'thad not wherewithall
To pay to sad disaster all that was its due,
It broke — would mine would doe so too.

My soule is now within mee

Like a well metled Hauke, on a blind Faulk'ners fist,
Me thinkes I feele it baiting to be gone :

And yet I have a little foolish businesse here

On earth ; I will dispatch : — *Exit.*

Enter Pasithas, with the body of Ariaspes.

Pas. Let me be like my burthen here, if I had not as
lieve kill two of the Bloud-royall for him, as carrie one
of

of them; These Gentlemen of high actions are three times as heavie after death, as your private retir'd ones; looke if he be not reduc'd to the state of a Cour-tier of the second forme now? and cannot stand upon his owne legs, nor doe any thing without helpe, Hum.— And what's become of the great Prince, in prison as they call it now, the toy within us, that makes us talke, and laugh, and fight, I! why there's it, well, let him be what he will, and where he will, I'll make bold with the old Tenement here. Come Sir——come along:— *Exit.*

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. All's fast too, here——

They sleepe to night

I'their winding sheets I thinke, there's such

A generall quiet.

Oh! here's light I warrant:

For lust does take as little rest, as care, or age.—

Courting her glasse, I sweare, fie! that's a flatterer Madam,

In me you shal see trulier what you are. (*Knocks. Ent. the Queen*)

Orb. What make you up at this strange houre my Lord?

Zir. My businesse is my boldnesse warrant,
(Madam)

And I could well afford t'have been without it now,

Had Heav'n so pleas'd.

Orb. 'Tis a sad Prologue,
What followes in the name of vertue?

Zir. The King.

Orb. I: what of him? is well is he not?

Zir. Yes.—

If to be free from the great load

Wee sweate and labour under, here on earth

Be to be well, he is.

Orb. Why hee's not dead, is hee?

Zir. Yes Madam, flaine——and the Prince too?

Orb. How? where?

Zir. I know not, but dead they are.

Orb. Dead?

Zir.

Zir. Yes Madam.

Orb. Did'st see them dead?

Zir. As I see you alive.

Orb. Dead!

Zir. Yes, dead.

Orb. Well, we mu't all die;

The Sisters spin no cables for us mortalls;

Th'are thred; and Time, and chance—

Trust me I could weepe now,

But watrie distillations doe but ill on graves,

They make the lodging colder. *She knocks.*

Zir. What would you Madam?

Orb. Why my friends, my Lord!

I would consult and know, what's to be done.

Zir. Madam tis not so safe to raise the Court;
Things thus unsetled, if you please to have—

Orb. Where's *Ariaspes*?

Zir. In's dead sleepe by this time I'm sure,

Orb. I know he is not! find him instantly.

Zir. I'm gone, — *Turnes back againe.*

But Madam why make you choyce of him, from whom
If the succession meet disturbance,

All must come of danger?

Orb. My Lord, I am not yet so wise, as to be jealous;
Pray dispute no further.

Zir. Pardon me Madam, if before I goe
I must unlock a secret unto you; such a one
As while the King did breathe durst know no aire,
Zorannes lives.

Orb. Ha!

Zir. And in the hope of such a day as this
Has lingred out a life, snatching, to feed
His almost famish'd eyes,
Sights now and then of you, in a disguise.

Orb. Strang: this night is big with miracle!

Zir. If you did love him, as they say you did,
And doe so still; 'tis now within your power!

Orb.

Orb. I would it were my Lord, but I am now
No private woman, If I did love him once
(And 'tis so long agoe, I have forgot)
My youth and ignorance may well excus't.

Zir. Excuse it ?

Orb. Yes, excuse it Sir.

Zir. Though I confesse I lov'd his father much,
And pitie him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts : I have discharg'd a trust ;
And zeale shall stray no further.

Your pardon Madam : *Exit. Queen studies.*

Orb. May be 'tis a plot to keep off *Ariaspes*
Greatnesse, which hee must feare, because he knowes
He hates him : for these great States-men,
That when time has made bold with the King & Subject,
Throwing down all fence that stood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton Salmons comming in with flouds,
That leap o're wyres and nets, and make their way
To be at the returne to every one a prey.

*Enter Ziriff, and Pasithas throwing down the dead
body of Ariaspes.*

Orb. Ha ! murdered too !

Treason—— treason——

Zir. But such another word, and halfe so loud,
And th'art,——

Orb. Why ? thou wilt not murther me too ?
Wilt thou villaine ?

Zir. I do not know my temper—— *Discovers himselfe.*
Looke here vaine thing, and see thy fins full blowne :
There's scarce a part in all this face, thou hast
Not been forsworn by, and Heav'n forgive thee for't !
For thee I lost a Father, Countrey, friends,
My selfe almost, for I lay buried Long ;
And when there was no use thy love could pay
Too great, thou mad'st the principle away :
Had I but staid, and not began revenge

Till thou had'st made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdome to have kill'd :

As wantons entring a Garden, take
The first faire flower, they meet, and
Treasure't in their laps.

Then seeing more, do make fresh choyce agen,
Throwing in one and one, till at the length
The first poor flower o're-charg'd, with too much weight
Withers, and dies :

So hast thou dealt with mee,
And having kill'd me first, I will kill —

Orb. Hold — hold —

Not for my sake, but *Orbella's* (Sir) a bare
And single death is such a wrong to Justice,
I must needs except against it.

Find out a way to make me long a dying ;
For death's no punishment, it is the sense,
The paines and feares afore that makes a death :
To thinke what I had had, had I had you,
What I have lost in losing of my selfe ;
Are deaths farre worse than any you can give :
Yet kill me quickly, for if I have time,
I shall so wash this soule of mine with teares,
Make it so fine, that you would be afresh
In love with it, and so perchance I should

(her head.

Again come to deceive you. *She rises up weeping, & hanging down*

Zir. So rises day, blushing at nights deformitie :
And so the prettie flowers blubber'd with dew,
And ever washt with raine, hang downe their heads,
I must not looke upon her : (Goes towards him.)

Orb. Were but the Lillies in this face as fresh
As are the Roses ; had I but innocence
Joyn'd to their blushes, I should then be bold,
For when they went on begging they were ne're deni'de,
'Tis but a parting kisse Sir —

Zir. I dare not grant it. —

Orb. Your hand Sir then for that's a part I shall

Love

Love after death (if after death we love)

'Cause it did right the wrong'd *Zorannes*, here—

Steps to him, and opens the box of poyson, Zorannes falls.

Sleepe, sleepe for ever, and forgotten too,

All but thy ills, which may succeeding time

Remember, as the Sea-man does his marks,

To know what to avoyd, may at thy name

All good men start, and bad too, may it prove

Infection to the Aire, that people dying of it (*riaspes.*

May help to curse thee for me. (*Turnes to the body of A-*

Could I but call thee back as eas'ly now ;

But that's a Subject for our teares, not hopes!

There is no piecing Tulips to their stalks,

When they are once divorc'd by a rude hand ;

All we can doe is to preserve in water

A little life, and give by couretous Art

What scanted Nature wants Commission for,

That thou shalt have : for to thy memorie

Such Tribute of moyst sorrow I will pay,

And that so purifi'd by love, that on thy grave

Nothing shall grow but Violets & Primroses,

Of which too, some shall be

Of the mysterious number, so that Lovers shall

Come thither not as to a tomb, but to an Oracle. *She knocks,*

Enter Ladies and Courtiers, as out of their beds. and raises the Court.

Orb. Come ! come ! help me to weep my selfe away,

And melt into a grave, for life is but

Repentance nurse, and will conspire with memorie,

To make my houres my tortures.

Ori. What Scene of sorrow's this ? both dead ?

Orb. Dead ? I ! and 'tis but halfe death's triumphs this,

The King and Prince lye somewhere, just

Such empty trunks as these.

Ori. The Prince ?

Then in griefes burthen I must beare a part.

Sem. The noble *Ariaspes*—valiant *Ziriff* too. — *Weeps.*

Orb. Weep'st thou for him, fond Prodigall ? do'st know

On

On whom thou spend'st thy teares ? this is the man
 To whom we owe our ills ; the false *Zorannes*
 Disguis'd, not lost ; but kept alive, by some *Enter Pasithas, sur-*
 Incens'd Power, to punish *Persia* thus : *vexes the bodyes, finds*
 He would have kill'd me too, but Heav'n was just, *his Master.*
 And furnisht me with meanes, to make him pay
 This score of villanie, e're he could do more. *(her, and flies.*
Pas. Were you his murth'rer then?— *Pasithas runs at her, kills*

Ori. Ah me ! the *Queene.*— *Rub her till she come to her*

Sem. How doe you Madam ? *selfe.*

Orb. Well,— but I was better, and shall— *Dies.*

Sem. Oh ! she is gone for ever.

Enter Lords in their night-gownes, Orsames, Philan.

Ors. What have we here ?

A Church-yard ? nothing but silence. and grave ?

Ori. Oh ! here has been (my Lords)

The blackest night the *Persian* world e're knew,
 The King and Prince are not themselves exempt
 From this arrest ; but pale and cold, as these,
 Have measured out their lengths.

Lo. Impossible ! which way ?

Sem. Of that we are as ignorant as you :
 For while the *Queene* was telling of the *Storie*,
 An unknowne villaine here has hurt her so,
 That like a sickly Taper, she but made
 One flash, and so expir'd :

Enter tearing in Pasithas.

Phi. Here he is, but no confession.

Or. Torture must force him then :
 Though 'Twill indeed, but weakly satisfie
 To know now they are dead, how they did die.

Phi. Come take the bodies up, and let us all
 Goe drowne our selves in teares, this massacre
 Has left so torne a State, that 'twill be policie
 Aswell as debt, to weep till we are blinde,
 For who would see the miseries behinde ?

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

Our Play is done, and yours doth now begin :
What different Fancies, people now are in ?
How strange, and odd a mingle it would make,
If e're they rise ; 'twere possible to take
All votes. —

But as when an authentique watch is showne,
Each man windes up, and rectifies his owne,
So in our very Judgements ; first there sits
A grave Grand Jurie on it of Towne-wits ;
And they give up their Verdict ; then agin
The other Jurie of the Court comes in
(And that's of life and death) for each man sees
That oft condemnes, what th' other Jurie frees :
Some three dayes hence, the Ladies of the Towne
Will come to have a Judgement of their owne :
And after them, their servants ; then the Citie,
For that is modest, and is still last wittie.
'Twill be a weeke at least yet e're they have
Resolv'd to let it live, or give't a grave :
Such difficultie, there is to unite
Opinion ; or bring it to be right.

Epilogue for the Court.

SIR:

That th' abusing of your eare's a crime,
Above th' excuse any six lines in Rhime
Can make, the Poet knowes: I am but sent
T'intreat hee may not be a President,
For hee does thinke that in this place there bee
Many have done't as much and more than hee;
But here's, he sayes, the difference of the Fates,
Hee begs a Pardon after't, they Estates.

F I N I S.

AGLAURA.

REPRESENTED

At the Court, by his Ma-
jesties Servants.

Written by
Sir JOHN SVCKLING.

LONDON,

Printed for *Tho. Walkley*, and are to be sold by
Humphrey Moseley, at his shop, at the signe
of the Princes armes in *St. Pauls*
Church-yard, 1646.

July 19

At 7:00 AM. I left the house and
went to the bank to deposit
the money. I found the
teller very kind and
helpful. I also went to
the post office to mail
some letters. The
day was very hot and
sunny. I went to the
park and saw many
beautiful flowers.

I went to the
store to buy some
groceries. I saw
many new things
and bought some
fruit. I also went
to the library to
borrow some books.
The day was very
pleasant and I
enjoyed it very much.

Prologue.

FOre love, a mighty Sessions : and I feare,
Though kind last Sizes, 'twill be now severe ;
For it is thought, and by iudicious men,
Aglaura 'scap't onely by dying then :
But 'twould be vaine for mee now to indeare,
Or speake unto my Lords, the Judges here,
They hold their places by condemning still,
And cannot shew at once mercie and skill ;
For wit's so cruell unto wit, that they
Are thought to want, that find not want ith' play.
But Ladies you, who never lik'd a plot.
But where the Servant had his Mistresse got,
And whom to see a Lover dye it grieues,
Although 'tis in worse language that he lives,
Will like't w'are confident, since here will bee,
That your Sex ever lik'd varietie.

Prologue to the Court.

TIs strange perchance (you'll thinke) that she ^{di'de} that
At Christmas, should at Easter be a Bride:
But 'tis a privilege the Poets have,
To take the long-since dead out of the grave :
Nor is this all, old Heroes a sleepe
'Tixt marble coverlets, and six foot deepe

*In earth, they boldly wake, and make them doe
All they did living here — sometimes more too,
They give fresh life, reverse and alter Fate,
And yet more bold, Almighty-like create:
And out of nothing onely to deifie
Reason, and Reasons friend, Philosophie,
Fame, honour, valour, all that's great, or good,
Or is at least 'mongst us, so understood,
They give, heav'ns theirs, no handsome woman dies,
But if they please, is strait some star i' th' skies —
But oh — —*

*How those poore men of Meetre doe
Flatter themselves with that, that is not true,
And 'cause they can trim up a little prose,
And spoile it handsomly, vainly suppose
Th' are Omnipotent, can doe all those things
That can be done onely by Gods and Kings.
Of this wild guilt, hee faine would bee thought free,
That writ this Play, and therefore (Sir) by mee,
Hee humbly begs, you would be pleas'd to know,
Aglaura's but repriev'd this night, and though
Shee now appears upon a Poets call,
Shee's not to live, unlesse you say shee shall.*

ACTUS



ACTUS V. SCENA I.

*Enter Ziriff, Pasithas, and Guard: hee places 'em
and Exit. A State set out. Enter
Ziriff, Jolas, Ariaspes.*

Iol. **A** Glorious night!
Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove so.

Are wee not there yet?

Zir. 'Tis about this hollow. *They Enter the Cave.*

Ari. How now! what region are we got into?

Th'inheritance of night;

Have wee not mistaken a turning *Ziriff*,

And stept into the confines of some melancholy
Devils Territorie?

Iol. Sure 'tis a part of the first *Chaos*,
That would not suffer any change.

Zir. No matter Sir, 'tis as proper for our
Purpose, as the Lobbie for the waiting womans.

Stay you here, I'll move a little backward,

And so we shall be sure to put him past *(to the doore*

Retreat: you know the word if it be the prince. *Ziriff goes*

Enter King.

Ziriff. Here Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet.

King. Is hee not come then?

Zir. No.

King. Where's *Ariaspes*?

Zir. Waiting within.

Iol. I do not like this waiting,
Nor this fellowes leaving of us.

Ari. This place does put odd thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thine owne nature too,

As jealous, as Love, or Honour; weare thy sword

In readinesse, and thinke how neere we are a Crowne.

Zir. Revenge! —

Guard seisseth on'em.

King. Ha! what's this?

Zir. Bring them forth. —

Brings them forth.

Ari. The King.

Zir. Yes, and the Princes friend — *Discovers himselfe.*

D'you know this face?

King. Zorannes.

Zor. The very same,

The wrong'd *Zorannes*, — *King* —

D'you stare, ———

Away with them where I appointed.

King. Traytours, let mee goe;

Villaine, thou dar'st not doe this —

Zor. Poore Counterfeit,

How faine thou now would'st act a King, and art not:

Stay you, ———

to Ariaspes.

Unhand him, ———

Whispers.

Leave us now. ——— *Exeunt.* *Manet Ariasp. Zoran.*

Ari. What does this meane?

Sure hee does intend the Crowne to mee.

Zor. Wee are alone,

Follow mee out of the wood, and thou shalt be

Master of this againe,

And then best arme and title take it.

Ari. Thy offer is so noble, in gratitude I cannot

But propound gentler conditions,

Wee will divide the Empire.

Zor. Now by my fathers soule,

I doe almost repent my first intents,

And now could kill thee scurvily, for thinking

If I had a minde to rule

I would not rule alone,

Let not thy easie faith (lost man)

Foole thee into so dull an heresie;

Orbella is our quarrell, & I have thought it fit,

That love should have a nobler way of Justice,

Than Revenge, or Treason.

If thou dar'st die handsomly, follow me. *Ex. And enter both again*

Zor. There, — *Gives him his sword.*

Ari. Extremely good; Nature tooke paines I sweare,
The villaine and the brave are mingled handsomely: —

Zir. 'Twas Fate that tooke it, when it decreed
Wee two should meet, nor shall they mingle now,
Wee are but brought together strait to part. — *Fight.*

Ari. Some Devill sure has borrowed this shape,
My sword ne're staid thus long to finde an entrance.

Zir. To guiltie men, all that appeare is Devill;
Come trisler, come, — *Fight.*

Ari. Dog, thou hast it,

Zir. Why then it seemes my star's as great as his,
I smile at thee, *Ariaspes pants and*
Thou now would'st have me kill thee, *(runs at him to catch*
And 'tis a courtesie I cannot afford thee, *(his sword*
I have bethought my selfe, there will be use
Of thee, — *Pasithas* — to the rest with him. *Exit.*

Enter Pasithas, and two of the Guard. — Exeunt.

Enter Therfames.

Ther. The Dog-star's got up high, it should be late
And sure by this time every waking eare
And watchfull eye is charm'd; and yet mee thought
A noyse of weapons struck my eare just now.
'Twas but my Fancie sure, and were it more,
I would not tread one step, that did not lead
To my *Aglaura*, stood all his Guard betwixt,
With lightning in their hands.

Danger, thou Dwarfie drest up in Giants clothes,
That shew'st far off still greater than thou art,
Goe, terrifie the simple, and the guiltie, such
As with false Opticks still doe looke upon thee:
But fright not Lovers, wee dare looke on thee
In thy worst shapes, and meet thee in them too. —
Stay these trees I made my marke, 'tis hereabouts,
— Love guide mee but right this night,
And Lovers shall restore thee back againe

Those

Those eyes the Poets tooke so boldly from thee. *Exit.*

A Taper Table out.

*Enter Aglaura, with a Torch in one hand,
a Dagger in the other.*

Agl. How ill this does become this hand? much worse
This suits with this, one of the two should goe.
The shee within mee sayes, it must be this—
Honor sayes this — and honour is *Thersames* friend.
What is that shee then? is it not a thing
That sets a Price, not upon me, but on
Life in my name, leading me into doubt,
Which when 'tas done, it cannot light me out.
For feare does drive to Fate, or Fate if wee
Doe flie, oretakes, and holds us, till or death,
Or infamie, or both doe seize us.— *Puts out the light.*
Ha!---would 'twere in agen. Antiques & strange mishapes,
Such as the Porter to my Soule, mine Eye,
Was ne're acquainted with, Fancie lets in,
Like a disrouted multitude, by some strange accident
Piec'd together, feare now afresh comes on,
And charges Love too home.

—Hee comes, he comes.— *A little noyse below.*

Woman, if thou would'st be the Subject
Of mans wonder, Not his scorne hereafter, —
—Now shew thy selfe.

*Enter Thersames from the vault, she stabs him
as hee riseth.*

Ther. Unkindly done —

Agl. The Princes voyce, defend it Goodnesse?

Ther. What art thou that thus poorely
Hast destroy'd a life?

Agl. Oh sad mistake, 'tis hee?

Ther. Hast thou no voyce?

Agl. I would I had not, nor a being neither.

Ther. *Aglaura*, it cannot be?

Agl. Oh still beleeeve so, Sir,
For 'twas not I Indeed, but fatall Love;

Ther.

Ther. Loves wounds us'd to be gentler than these were,
The paines they give us have some pleasure
In them, and that these have not. *Enter Ziriff with a taper.*
Oh doe not say 'twas you, for that does wound agen:
Guard me my better Angell,
Doe I wake? my eyes (since I was man)
Ne're met with any object gave them so much trouble,
I dare not aske neither to be satisfied,
Shee lookes so guiltily—

Agl. Why doe you stare and wonder at a thing
That you your selfe have made thus mizerable?

Zir. Good gods, and I o'the partie too.

Agl. Did you not tell me that the King this night
Meant to attempt my honour; that our condition
Would not admit of middle wayes, and that we must
Send them to graves, or lye our selves in dust?

Zir. Unfortunate mistake?

Ziriff knocks.

I never did intend our safety by thy hands: *Enter Pasithas.*
Pasithas, goe instantly and fetch *Andrages*
From his bed; how is it with you Sir?

Ther. As with the besieg'd:
My soule is so beset it does not know,
Whether't had best to make a desperate
Sally out by this port or not?

Agl. Sure I shall turne statue here.

Ther. If thou do'st love me, weepe not *Aglaura*:
All those are drops of bloud and flow from me.

Zir. Now all the gods defend this way of expiation,
Think'st thou thy crime, *Aglaura* would be lesse,
By adding to it? or canst thou hope
To satisfie those powers, whom great sins
Doe displease, by doing greater.

Agl. Discourteous courtesie!
I had no other meanes left mee than this,
To let *Thersames* know I would doe nothing
To him, I would not doe unto my selfe,
And that thou takest away,

Ther.

Ther. Friend, bring me a little neerer,
I find a kind of willingnesse to stay,
And find that willingnesse something obey'd.
My bloud now it perswades it selfe
You did not call in earnest,
Makes not such hast. —

Agl. Oh my dearest Lord,
This kindnesse is so full of crueltie,
Puts such an ugliness on what I have done,
That when I looke upon it needs must fright
Me from my selfe, and which is more insufferable.
I feare from you. (mee?)

Ther. Why should that fright thee, which most comforts
I glorie in it, and shall smile i'th' grave
To thinke our love was such, that nothing
But it selfe could e're destroy it.

Agl. Destroy it? can it have ever end?
Will you not be thus courteous then in the other world?
Shall we not be together there as here?

Ther. I cannot tell whether I may or not.

Agl. Not tell?

Ther. No:

The Gods thought me unworthy of thee here,
And when thou art more pure,
Why should I not more doubt it?

Agl. Because if I shall be more pure,
I shall be then more fit for you.
Our Priests assure us an *Elysium*,
And can that be *Elysium* where true Lovers
Must not meet? Those Powers that made our loves,
Did they intend them mortall,
Would sure have made them of a courser stuffe,
Would they not my Lord? —

Ther. Prethee speake still,
This musique gives my soule such pleasing businesse,
Takes it so wholly up, it findes not leisure to
Attend unto the summons death does make:

Yet they are loud and peremptorie now,
And I can onely —

Faints.

Agl. Some pitying Power inspire me with
A way to follow him : heart wilt thou not
Breake it of thy selfe.

Zir. My griefes besot me :
His soule will saile out with this purple tide,
And I shall here be found staring
After't, like a man that's come too short o'th' ship,
And's left behind upon the land. *Shee swoones.*

Enter Andrages.

Oh welcome, welcome, here lyes *Andrages*
Alas too great a triall for thy art.

And. There's life in him: from whence these wounds ?

Zir. Oh 'tis no time for storie.

And. 'Tis not mortall my Lord, bow him gently,
And help me to infuse this into him ;
The soule is but asleepe, and not gone forth.

Ther. Oh — ho : —

Zir. Hearke, the Prince does live.

Ther. What e're thou art hast given me now a life,
And with it all my cares and miseries,
Expect not a reward, no not a thanks.
If thou would'st merit from me,
(Yet wh'would be guilty of so lost an action)
Restore me to my quietnesse agen,
For life and that are most incompatible.

Zir. Still in despaire :
I did not thinke till now 'twas in the power
Of Fortune to have robb'd *Thersames* of himselfe,
For pitie, Sir, and reason live ;
If you will die, die not *Aglaura's* murther'd,
That's not so handsome : at least die not
Her murthered, and her murtherer too ;
For that will surely follow. Looke up, Sir,
This violence of Fortune cannot last ever :
Who knowes but all these clouds are shadowes,

To

To set off your fairer dayes, if it growes blacker,
And the stormes doe rise, this harbour's alwayes open.

Ther. What say'st thou, *Aglaura*?

Agl. What sayes *Andrages*?

And. Madam, would Heaven his mind would admit
As easie cure, as his body will,
'Twas onely want of bloud,
And two houres rest restores him to himselfe.

Zir. And by that time it may be Heaven
Will give our miseries some ease:
Come Sir, repose upon a bed,
There's time enough to day.

Ther. Well, I will still obey,
Though I must feare it will be with me,
But as 'tis with tortured men,
Whom States preserve onely to wrack agen.

Exeunt.

Take off table.

Enter Ziriff with a taper.

Zir. All fast too, here
They sleepe to night
I'their winding sheets, I thinke, there's such
A generall quiet.
Oh! here's light I warrant you:
For lust does take as little rest, as care, or age.
Courting her glasse, I swear, fie! that's a flatterer Madam,
In me you shall see trulier what you are. *He knocks, Enter Queen.*

Orb. What make you up at this strange houre, my Lord?

Zir. My businesse is my boldnesse warrant,
(Madam)
And I could well afford t'have been without it now,
Had Heav'n so pleas'd.

Orb. 'Tis a sad Prologue,
What followes in the name of vertue?

Zir. The King—

Orb. I: what of him? is well, is he not?

Zir. Yes,—

If to be on's journey to the other world

Be to be well, hee is.

Orb. Why he's not dead, is he?

Zir. Yes, Madam, dead.

Orb. How? where?

Zir. I doe not know particulars.

Orb. Dead!

Zir. Yes (Madam.)

Orb. Art sure hee's dead?

Zir. Madam, I know him as certainly dead,
As I know you too must die hereafter.

Orb. Dead!

Zir. Yes. dead.

Orb. We must all die.

The Sisters spin no cables for us mortalls;

Th'are threds; and Time, and chance—

Trust me I could weep now,

But watrie distillations doe but ill on graves,

They make the lodging colder. *Shee knocks.*

Zir. What would you Madam?

Orb. Why my friends, my Lord;

I would consult and know what's to be done.

Zir. (Madam) 'tis not so safe to raise the Court;
Things thus unsetled, if you please to have—

Orb. Where's *Ariaspes*?

Zir. In's dead sleepe by this time sure,

Orb. I know he is not! find him instantly.

Zir. I'm gone, — *Turnes back againe.*

But Madam, why make you choyce of him, from whom

If the succession meet disturbance,

All must come of danger?

Orb. My Lord, I am not yet so wise, as to be
Jealous; Pray dispute no further.

Zir. Pardon me (Madam) if before I goe
I must unlock a secret to you; such a one
As while the King did breathe durst know no aire,
Zorannes lives.

Orb. Ha!

Zir.

Zir. And in the hope of such a day as this
Has lingred out a life, snatching, to feed
His almost famish'd eyes,
Sights now and then of you, in a disguise.

Orb. Strange! this night is big with miracle!

Zir. If you did love him, as they say you did,
And doe so still; 'tis now within your power!

Orb. I would it were, my Lord, but I am now
No private woman, if I did love him once,
(as 'tis so long agoe, I have forgot)
My youth and ignorance may well excus't.

Zir. Excuse it?

Orb. Yes, excuse it Sir.

Zir. Though I confesse I lov'd his father much,
And pitie him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts: I have discharg'd a trust;
And zeale shall stray no further.

(Your pardon Madam:) *Exit.*

Orb. May be 'tis but a plot to keep off *Ariaspes*
Greatnesse, which he must feare, because he knowes
Hee hates him: for these great States-men,
That when time has made bold with the King
And Subject, throwing downe all fence
That stood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton Salmon comming in with floods,
That leap o're wyres and nets and make their way
To be at the returne to every one a prey.

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Looke here vaine thing and see thy sins full blown:
There's scarce a part in all this face, thou hast
Not been forsworne by, and Heav'n forgive thee for't!
For thee I lost a Father, Countrey, friends,
My selfe almost, for I lay buried long;
And when there was no use thy love could pay
Too great, thou mad'st the principle away:— *Prompt.*

As wantons entering a Garden, take

The first faire flower they meet, and
Treasur't in their laps.

Then seeing more, doe make fresh choyce agen,
Throwing in one and one, till at the length
The first poor flower o're-charg'd, with too much weight
Withers and dies :

So hast thou dealt with me,
And having kill'd me first, I will kill —

Orb. Hold — hold —

Not for my sake, but *Orbella's* (Sir) a bare
And single death is such a wrong to Justice,
I must needs except against it.

Find out a way to make me long a dying ;
For death's no punishment, it is the sense,
The paines and feares afore that makes a death :

To thinke what I had had, had I had you,
What I have lost in losing of my selfe ;
Are deaths farre worse than any you can give :

Yet kill me quickly, for if I have time,
I shall so wash this foule of mine with teares,
Make it so fine, that you would be afresh

In love with it, and so perchance I should *(her head.*
Again come to deceive you. *She rises up weeping, & hanging down*

Zir. So rises day, blushing at nights deformitie :
And so the prettie flowers blubber'd with dew,
And over washt with raine, hang downe their heads,
I must not looke upon her : *(Queen Goes towards him.)*

Orb. Were but the Lillies in this face as fresh
As are the Roses ; had I but innocence
Joyn'd to these blushes, I should then be bold,
For when they went a begging they were ne're deni'de,
'Tis but a parting kisse Sir —

Enter Pasithas, and two Guard.

Zir. I dare not grant it. — *Pasithas* — away with her.
A bed put out. Therfames and Aglaura on it, Andrages by.

Ther. Shee wake't me with a sigh,
And yet shee sleepes her selfe, Sweet Innocence,

Can it be sinne to love this shape,
 And if it be not, why am I persecuted thus? —
 Shee sighs agen, sleepe that drownes all cares,
 Cannot I see charme loves? blest pillowes,
 Through whose finenesse does appeare
 The Violets, Lillies and the Roses
 You are stult withall to whose softnesse
 I owe the sweet of this repose,
 Permit me to leave with you this, — *(wakes, Kisses them, shee*
 See if I have not wake't her,
 Sure I was borne, *Aglaura*, to destroy
 Thy quiet.

Agl. Mine, my Lord,
 Call you this drowsinesse a quiet then?
 Beleeve me, Sir, 'twas an intruder I much
 Struggled with, and have to thanke a dreame,
 Not you, that it thus left me.

Ther. A dreame! what dreame, my Loeve?

Agl. I dreamp't (Sir) it was day,
 And the feare you should be found here.

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Awake; how is it with you, Sir?

Ther. Well extreamly well, so well, that had I now
 No better a remembrancer than paine,
 I should forget I e're was hurt,
 Thanks to Heav'n, and good *Andrages*.

Zir. And more than thanks I hope we yet shall
 Live to pay him. How old's the night?

And. Far-spent I feare, my Lord.

Zir. I have a cause that should be heard
 Yet ere day breake and I must needs intreat
 You Sir to be the Judge in't.

Ther. What cause *Zorannes*?

Zir. When you have promis'd — *(Zorannes.*

Ther. Twere hard I should deny thee any thing. — *Exit*
 Know'st thou, *Andrages*, what he meanes?

And. Nor cannot ghesse, Sir, — *Draw in the bed.*

I read a trouble in his face, when first
Hee left you, but understood it not.

*Enter Zorannes, King Ariaspes, Jolas, Queene
and two or three Guard.*

Zor. Have I not pitcht my nets like a good Huntsman?
Looke, Sir, the noblest of the Herd are here.

Ther. I am astonished.

Zor. This place is yours. — *Helps him up.*

Ther. What wouldst thou have me doe.

Zor. Remember, Sir, your promise,
I could doe all I have to doe, alone;
But Justice is not Justice unlesse't be justly done;
Here then I will begin, for here began my wrongs;
This woman (Sir) was wondrous faire, and wondrous
Kinde, — I, faire and kind, for so the storie runs;
She gave me looke for looke, and glance for glance,
And every sigh like eccho's was return'd,
Wee sent up vow by vow, promise on promise,
So thick and strangely multiplyed,
That sure we gave the heavenly Registers
Their businesse, and other mortalls oaths
Then went for nothing, we felt each others paines,
Each others joyes, thought the same thought,
And spoke the very fame;
Wee were the same, and I have much adoe
To thinke she could be ill, and I not
Be so too, and after this, all this (Sir)
Shee was false, lov'd him, and him,
And had I not begun revenge,
Till she had made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdome to have killd,
What does this deserve?

Ther. A punishment he best can make
That suffered the wrong.

Zor. I thanke you, Sir,
For him I will not trouble you,
His life is mine, I won it fairly,

And his is yours; he lost it foully to you —
 To him (Sir) now:
 A man so wicked that he knew no good,
 But so as't made his sins the greater for't.
 Those ills, which singly acted bred despaire
 In others, he acted daily, and ne're thought
 Upon them.

The grievance each particular has against him
 I will not meddle with, it were to give him
 A long life, to give them hearing,
 I'le onely speake my owne.

First then the hopes of all my youth,
 And a reward which Heaven had settled on me,
 (If holy contracts can doe any thing)
 He raviht from me, kill'd my father,
 Aglaura's father, Sir, would have whor'd my sister,
 And murther'd my friend. this is all:
 And now your senrence, Sir.

Ther. We have no punishment can reach these crimes:
 Therefore 'tis justest sure to send him where
 Th'are wittier to punish than we are here:
 And cause repenance oft stops that proceeding,
 A sudden death is sure the greatest punishment.

Zor. I humbly thanke you Sir. (selfe)

King. What a strange glasse th'have shew'd me now my
 In; our sins like to our shadowes,
 When our day is in its glorie scarce appear'd,
 Towards our evening how great and monstrous
 They are.

Zor. Is this all you have to say? — *Drages.*

Ther. Hold: — now goe you up.

Zor. What meane you, Sir?

Ther. Nay, I denyed not you, —

That all thy accusations are just,
 I must acknowledge,

And to these crimes, I have but this to oppose,

Hee is my Father, and thy Sovereign —

'Tis wickednesse (deare Friend) wee goe about
to punish, and when w' have murther'd him,
What difference is there twixt him and
Our selves, but that hee first was wicked?
Thou now would'st kill him 'cause he kill'd thy Father,
And when th' hast kill'd, have not I the selfe same
Quarrell?

Zor. Why Sir, you know you would your selfe
Have done it.

Ther. True: and therefore 'tis I beg his life,
There was no way for mee to have
Redeem'd th'intent, but by a reall
Saving of it. *Beready Courtyers, and
Guard, with their
swords drawne, at the
breasts of the Prisoners.*
If he did ravish from thee thy *Orbella*,
Remember that that wicked issue had
A noble parent Love, — Remember
How he lov'd *Zorannes* when he was *Ziriff*, —
Ther's something due to that.

If you must needs have bloud for your revenge, (away.
Take it here — despise it not *Zorannes*: *Zorannes turnes*
The gods themselves, whose greatnesse
Makes the greatnesse of our sins,
And heightens 'em above what wee can doe
Unto each other, accept of sacrifice
For what wee doe 'gainst them,
Why should not you, and 'tis much th' easier
You cannot let out life there, but my honour
Goes, and all the life you can take here,
Posterity will give mee back agen;

See, *Aglaura* weepes
That would have beene ill Rhetorique in mee,
But where it is, it cannot but perswade.

Zor. Th' have thaw'd the ice about my heart;
I know not what to doe.

King. Come downe, come downe, I will be King agen,
There's none so fit to be the Judge of this
As I; the life you then is such zeale to save,
There

I here could willingly returne you back ;
But that's the common price of all revenge.

*Enter Guard, Orsames, Philan, Courtiers,
Orithie, Semanthe.*

Jol. Ari. Ha, ha, ha : how they looke now ?

Zor. Death : what's this ?

Ther. Betray'd agen ;
All th'ease our Fortune gives our miseries is hope,
And that still proving false, growes part of it.

King. From whence this Guard ? — (soners,

Ari. Why Sir, I did corrupt, while we were his pri-
One of his owne to raise the Court ; shallow soules,
That thought wee could not countermine,
Come Sir, y'are in good posture to dispatch them.

King. Lay hold upon his instrument :
Fond man, do'st thinke I am in love with villany ?
All the service they can doe mee here
Is but to let these see the right I doe
Them now is unconstrain'd, then thus I doe proceed.
Upon the place *Zorannes* lost his life,
I vow to build a tomb, and on that tomb
I vow to pay three whole yeares penitence,
If in that time I finde that heaven and you
Can pardon ; I shall finde agen the way
To live amongst you.

Ther. Sir be not so cruell to your selfe, this is an age, —

King. 'Tis now irrevocable, thy Fathers lands
I give thee back agen, and his commands ;
And with them, leave to weare the Tyara,
That man there has abus'd. —
To you *Orbella*,

Who it seemes are foule as well as I,
I doe prescribe the selfe same physick
I doe take my selfe :
But in another place, and for a longer time,
Diana's Nunnerie.

Orb. Above my hopes.
King.

King. For you, who still have beene
The ready instrument of all my cruelties,
And there have cancell'd all the bonds of brother,
Perpetuall banishment: nor, should
This line expire, shall thy right have a place.

Ari. Hell and Furies. — *Exit.*

King. Thy crimes deserve no lesse; yet 'cause thou wert
Heavens instrument to save my life,

Thou onely hast that time of banishment, (*Kings hand*
I have of penitence. — *Comes down.* *Ziriff offers to kisse the*

Jol. May it be plague and famine here till I returne.
No: thou shalt not yet forgive mee:

King. *Aglaura*, thus I freely part with thee,
And part with all fond flames and warme desires,
I cannot feare new agues in my bloud

Since I have overcome the charmes
Thy beauty had, no other ever can
Have so much power, *Thersames*, thou look'st pale;
Is't want of rest? (*whisper.*

Ther. No Sir; but that's a storie for your eare — *They*

Orf. A strange and happy change.

Ori. All joyes wait on you ever.

Agl. *Orithie*

How for thy sake now could I wish
Love were no Mathematick point,
But would admit division, that *Thersames* might,
Though at my charge, pay thee the debt he owes thee.

Ori. Madam, I loved the Prince, not my selfe;
Since his vertues have their full rewards,
I have my full desires.

King. What miracles of preservation have wee had?
How wisely have the stars prepar'd you for felicitie?
Nothing endeares a good more than the contemplation
Of the difficultie wee had to attaine to it:
But see, Nights Empire's out,
And a more glorious auspiciously does begin;
Let us goe serve the gods, and then prepare

For

For jollitie, this day Ile borrow from my vowes.
 Nor shall it have a common celebration;
 Since't must be,
 A high record to all posteritie. — *Exeunt omnes.*

Epilogue.

PLays are like Feasts, and every Act should bee
 Another Course, and still varietie:
 But in good faith provision of wit
 Is growne of late so difficult to get,
 That doe wee what wee can, wee are not able,
 Without cold meats to furnish out the Table.
 Who knowes but it was needlesse too? may bee
 'Twas here, as in the Coach-mans trade; and hee
 That turnes in the least compasse, shewes most Art:
 How e're, the Poet hopes (Sir) for his part,
 You'll like not those so much, who shew their skill
 In entertainment, as who shew their will.

FINIS.
